

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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No. 813

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

THE MIRAGE OF EQUALITY:

A THREAT TO EDUCATION

COLM BROGAN

ITALIANS AND THE LAND

K.R.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS

DENYS SMITH

PARTY MANNERS

J. C. TREWIN

THEMSELVES AND OTHERS

ERIC GILLETT

VALIANT FOR TRUTH SIR ARCHIBALD McINDOE

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BEFORE October is out, but after this number has gone to press, the new House of Commons will have been opened by His Majesty the King. This ceremony will represent a return to normality in the Palace of Westminster, and we devoutly hope that this will soon be matched by a return to normality wherever peace is normal, and by the triumph of freedom, justice, goodwill and sanity throughout the World.

The Departure of Cripps

THE resignation by Sir Stafford Cripps of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which he had held for nearly three years, and his departure, for a time at least, from public life, have evoked well-deserved tributes to his brain-power and hard work. But for our part, while we wish him an early and complete recovery from his physical ailments, we shall be well content if he never returns to politics: for his mind suffers from a dogmatism, and his temperament from an austere fanaticism, the like of which have been almost unknown in England since the 17th century.

His successor, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, has all the faults connected with Socialism, to which must be added a marked deficiency in Ministerial and Parliamentary experience. The latter handicap has not, indeed, proved insuperable to men of outstanding talent in the past: but no good can come from an ideological Socialist at the Treasury.

The False Harmony of Margate

THE Socialist Party Conference, which was held at Margate at the beginning of the month, was a fitting sequel to the masquerade over Iron and Steel. Socialist leaders took advantage of this domestic

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occasion to propound their theory of public deception in philosophical or rhetorical language; and it is to be hoped that all whose critical faculties are not completely in abeyance will have taken good note of this disgusting exhibition.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan announced triumphantly, and in unmistakable terms, that differences of opinion in the Cabinet—including, presumably, the different views on nationalisation—had been successfully concealed from the electorate. “When the election comes,” he said, “we shall face the British nation as a united party . . . the most important thing is not that there are differences of opinion in the council chamber, but that there is unity on the party battlefield.”

The British nation may feel that an even more important thing than bogus party unity is that our public men should have the courage of their convictions.

“Little Father” Morrison

M R. HERBERT MORRISON’S approach was somewhat different. He suggested to the delegates that an overdose of Socialism might turn the patient against the whole cure and shake his faith in the medical advice he was receiving. “We are dealing with human beings, with their personalities, temperaments and spirit. They are made up of flesh and blood and brain and temperament—and they all have their little ways.”

It is interesting that he should have thought it necessary to remind his Socialist audience of these anatomical and psychological facts. He is at least aware of the inhumanity which underlies so much Socialist theory and behaviour. But his tone is irritating and subtly insolent. Who, after all, is *he* to speak of his fellow-countrymen in this patronising way? Is he a benevolent despot, a “Little Father” of his people? Instead of dissecting the public and analysing their responses, he would do well to dissect and analyse himself. This might be a painful and mortifying experience for him, but it would be wholly beneficial to the State.

Mr. Bevin’s Naïve Admission

EVEN Mr. Bevin so far demeaned himself as to admit that Socialist party advantage was his chief criterion. “Is there any candidate who can say that he lost the election through me . . . ? When I do begin to lose votes it is time that I or anybody else went.”

This is a new conception of public morality. Before 1945 it was generally understood that Ministers should go if they proved unequal to their jobs or if they disagreed with their colleagues on a major point of principle. But neither of these conditions seems any longer to apply. The only test now is the ability of the Minister to have and to hold votes!

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Mass Ebullience at Blackpool

MOST impartial observers would agree that a Conservative Party Conference is a much more democratic affair than its Socialist counterpart. For one thing, there is no card-voting; for another, the number of delegates is about twice as great—but not four times as great, as stated in a recent article in *The Economist*). While there is of course a limit to the extent to which responsible, or potentially responsible, public men can allow themselves to be chivied and prodded by their supporters, there is no doubt that Conservative leaders are more amenable than the Socialists to rank-and-file pressure. (In the Socialist Party pressure comes not from the people, but from the “activists” at every level.)

This year's Conservative Conference at the Winter Garden in Blackpool was perhaps the most democratic party gathering that this country has ever seen. Admittedly none of those present looked as though he or she had come straight from the coal face or the kitchen sink: people try to look their best on these occasions! But there was nothing sectional about the representation and nothing tense or inhibited about the atmosphere. Even boredom was not much in evidence: when delegates lost interest in the speeches, they could always coffee-house near enough to the Conference hall to return to it at a moment's notice. But the attendance seldom languished seriously, and from time to time the scene was transfigured in a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm or righteous indignation.

Mr. Eden's Star Undimmed

ONE of the first demonstrations of this kind greeted Mr. Anthony Eden, when he replied to the debate on a special defence and foreign policy resolution. Mr. Eden is no orator: his great gifts of exposition and persuasion are far better suited to Parliament than to a mass meeting. He speaks very fast; his argument is tight-packed; his rare excursions into the realm of emotion generally miss the mark because they are too obviously prepared.

Yet Mr. Eden is never a failure. As a young man he captured the imagination of the country, and he has retained its confidence by his excellent and courageous record. People have not forgotten his resignation in 1938—nor have they forgotten the performance of those who did not resign. It is a pity that the latter still feature so prominently on Conservative posters and platforms.

The Commonwealth Debate

VIGOUR and purpose were injected into the Commonwealth debate at Blackpool by Mr. Julian Amery, who moved an amendment reaffirming “the need for an unfettered policy of material economic

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co-operation in the Commonwealth and Empire." His speech was stirring without being wantonly demagogic. "While we sit here in Conference," he said,

another Conference is sitting in Torquay, and the primary aim of those who organised it is to destroy our system of Imperial Preference. I know Mr. Harold Wilson has said that he will not sell out Imperial Preference unless he gets a good price for it. But the development of the British Empire is not just a question of profit and loss. You cannot sell it across the counter for thirty pieces of silver. The delegates assembled at that Torquay Conference must be left in no doubt where the Conservative Party stands on this question of Imperial Preference.

Those Torquay delegates can have been left in no doubt at all. Mr. Amery's amendment was endorsed by the platform and carried unanimously.

Colonial Students

A VALUABLE contribution to the same debate was later made by Mr. Maurice Chandler. It is sometimes suggested that Conservatives, when speaking of the Empire, confine themselves to colourful metaphor or historical rodomontade; that the achievements of Drake and Hawkins, Wolfe and Clive, Raffles and Rhodes, are used to extenuate the lack of constructive ideas for the present and future. There is a glimmer of truth in this—though much less than in the counter-charge that Socialists and other Leftists have wasted a great deal of their own time and other people's patience attacking the Empire and Empire-builders without knowledge or understanding.

Anyway, no one could accuse Mr. Chandler of seeking after effect or neglecting practical considerations. His speech was a simple plea that more hospitality might be shown to Colonial students in this country. "These students now in our midst," he said,

are the people most likely to sit in the Legislative Councils and other assemblies that we are now creating. Many of them who come to this country have unfortunately not met with the best section of British life. It is most important that these people . . . should have the best that we can offer.

Even when we have allowed for the undesirability of treating any visitors to this country in too exceptional a way, there is matter for thought—and for action—in Mr. Chandler's remarks.

To Ban or Not to Ban

PERHAPS the best discussion, *qua* discussion, of the whole Conference was on the subject of Communism and the means of combating insidious elements. This developed on much the same lines as the two

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leading articles in our last number, and Mr. James Ramsden, who wrote the first of these (in favour of a legal ban), was able to recapitulate his views in the debate.

But the Conference decided against anti-Communist legislation. This (as we think) wise decision was due in part to an effective and closely reasoned debating speech by Mr. John Gower, a Young Conservative from Tonbridge, and in part to a masterly summing-up by Mr. Harold Macmillan.

Mr. Gower showed that the legal apparatus already existed for dealing with the various forms of subversive activity. In particular, referring to unofficial strikes, he said: "You already have your machinery for tackling that situation, if indeed you have a Government courageous enough to put it into force in time." Mr. Macmillan made an even shrewder point when he warned the Conference against assuming that all unofficial strikes were caused by Communists. Socialism made a mockery of collective bargaining and so exposed the rank-and-file of the trade unions to any leadership, good or bad, which was not identified with the Government. "Get rid of Socialism," he argued, "and you will get rid of Communism."

The Gallant 300,000

THE hurricane of feeling which compelled the platform, in the person of Lord Woolton, to agree to the inclusion of the figure "300,000" in the resolution on housing, has been severely criticised in some quarters. It has been said that, with our limited resources, and a rearmament programme on hand, no such boost to house-building could in fact be given.

We do not agree with this criticism, nor do we regret Lord Woolton's prompt acceptance of the specific target on which so many delegates had set their hearts. Of course it will not be easy to build 300,000 houses, and sacrifices will be required in other sectors of the Welfare State. But good homes are fundamental to all welfare, and a good house—or, anyway, a house—is one of the first conditions for a good home. Housing must therefore be treated as a supreme priority.

Party Propaganda

THE subject of party propaganda received attention at Blackpool and several speakers urged the need for a more effective approach to "the industrial voter." In our opinion this phrase is too nebulous to be of much practical value; and in so far as it has meaning it would seem to suggest a sectional bias not unlike that which we rightly deplore in our opponents. Obviously there are several million "industrial voters" who already support the Conservative Party; and we should seek to add to

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their number, not by any lop-sided policy of ingratiating, but by an unshakeable resolve to do what is best for the nation as a whole.

Mr. R. A. Butler indirectly counselled this in his reply to the propaganda debate. The most important way for Conservatives to gain the confidence of industrial voters was by personal effort and example. In other words, they should not look for any tempting baits from the policy-makers at Abbey House!

One Nation

THE Blackpool Conference has been made the occasion for the appearance of several new publications, issued by the Conservative Political Centre. By far the most important is a study of the social services, entitled *One Nation*. This is the work of a number of Conservative M.P.s, all elected for the first time last February, and edited by Mr. Iain Macleod and Mr. Angus Maude.

There are excellent chapters on Housing, Education and the Health Service. But perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the clear statement of the social philosophy which underlies it:—

There is a fundamental disagreement between Conservatives and Socialists on the questions of social policy. Socialists would give the same benefits to everyone, whether or not the help is needed, and indeed whether or not the country's resources are adequate. We believe that we must first help those in need. Socialists believe that the State should provide an average standard. We believe that it should provide a minimum standard, above which people should be free to rise as far as their industry, their thrift, their ability or their genius may take them. . . . We believe it would be disastrous to create a society in which "nobody counts for anything except a politician or an official."

This last point is developed in an excellent chapter entitled "The Social Effects of the Redistribution of Wealth," which ends with the categorical statement that "the conferment of some advantage on one's children is still the strongest incentive to the creation of wealth."

Perhaps the most questionable chapter is that which describes the past history of the social services: the 17th and 18th centuries were not, in fact, so "barren of social legislation" as the authors (and Professor Trevelyan) believe. But taken as a whole this is a most valuable and well-informed work, in which the authors' admirable command of detail is always related to the excellent principles on which their studies are based.

Conservatism 1945-1950

ANOTHER publication, *Conservatism 1945-1950*, will be of special value to the Conservative enthusiast who finds it convenient to possess the *Industrial Charter* (slightly abridged), the *Right Road for*

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Britain and *This is the Road*, all under one cover. The remainder of the book consists of two sections—"Conservative Faith," which is a reprint of a 1947 pamphlet by Mr. David Clarke, and "Conservative Thought," which is represented by an anthology of speeches and articles. The general reader may find some of the more metaphysical passages a little hard to comprehend. For example, on page 15 we are told that "The essence of the principle is that the repository of authority must be national and not factional as a symbol of unity and the expression of a single purpose." (The author is trying to say that Tories prefer parliamentary democracy to class warfare.) But there are many speeches included which were worth preserving, and this book of 248 pages is certainly good value for half-a-crown. Unfortunately it lacks an index.

Lord Woolton at His Best

ON the last morning of the Conference much useful business was transacted within a short time. Two resolutions call for special comment. First, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd made a clear and helpful speech on the difficult question of leasehold reform. His motion seemed involved on paper, but in fact he got to the crux of the problem: he advocated an extension of the Rent Restriction Acts to ground lessees—a course which would clearly remove many anomalies and injustices arising out of the present conditions of leasehold tenure.

Secondly, Mr. Geoffrey Hirst initiated a very helpful discussion on the shortage of newsprint. The Conference was aided by an extremely well-informed speech from Mr. F. P. Bishop, Chairman of the Newsprint Supply Co., who showed how greatly the shortage had been aggravated by Government interference with private contracts.

At the end of the morning Lord Woolton summed up the Conference. Lord Woolton is extremely good at assessing the mood of a large assembly, and on this occasion he was at his very best. He emphasised that a Conservative administration would administer the nation's affairs in a spirit of business competence and realism. We would reiterate our conviction that Conservatives should repeatedly stress the need for sound finance, and the ability of Conservative leaders to pursue it. The average elector, whatever his political allegiance may be, feels in his bones that it is men with practical business experience who best understand how to give the public good value for its money. Lord Woolton, whatever his opponents may say, is among the greatest electoral assets of the Conservative Party to-day.

Mr. Churchill's Speech

M R. CHURCHILL in the afternoon was clearly fatigued, and it was not surprising that his speech should have lacked something of the *élan* of some former orations. Usually he has begun jocularly and grown more serious as he proceeded. At Blackpool it was rather the reverse;

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the opening of his speech was grave and sombre, and this tone prevailed until the glorious moment when he vigorously demonstrated the "one more heave" which was needed to fling the Socialist Government out of power. Mr. Churchill's serious mood communicated itself to his audience. There were cheers for General MacArthur, cheers at the pledge to de-nationalise steel, and loud cheers at a vigorous castigation of Mr. Bevin for his speech at Margate. But it was not until Mr. Churchill spoke on housing that we heard one of those uproarious bursts of applause which have become traditional on these occasions. Seldom can Mr. Churchill have coined a happier phrase than "the gust of passion which swept through our body yesterday about the shameful failure of the Socialists' housing policy." Another passage which was well received was the pledge to restore the University franchise. There were loud yells of delight as Mr. Churchill referred to "this cameo of gerrymandering and chicane."

Moments of Silence

THERE were other times when Mr. Churchill's audience was surprisingly silent. No one expressed assent or dissent at his reference to a "European Army." What was more strange, no one seemed moved by Mr. Churchill's calm declaration that war was not inevitable. Was it that many of his audience silently disagreed? Or could it be that many were not truly interested in foreign and world affairs? One had an awkward feeling that there is still—as before the war—a lack of resolution in the Conservative Party on this great question. There are those who say that war must come; there are those who say that war will not come; there are still too few who are firmly resolved that war *shall not* come. In this connection it was perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Churchill paid relatively little attention to the Commonwealth and Empire in a speech of about an hour's length. Nothing was said about consultation, or the closer concerting of defence plans. At Llandudno in 1948 Mr. Churchill devoted almost the whole of his speech to the international scene, but at the last two Party Conferences he has been concerned almost entirely with affairs at home. It is of course immensely hard to survey the whole field in a single speech, but we feel sure that it is in matters of foreign and imperial policy that the average Conservative is most in need of guidance.

Mr. Lewis Douglas

ALL ambassadors have two main duties to perform—the duty of interpreting their own country to that in which they serve, and also the duty of interpreting that country to their own. Many achieve distinction in one of these rôles; few achieve it equally in both. In this respect Mr. Lewis Douglas, the retiring American Ambassador to this country, has had no peer. To interpret this country truly it is necessary to understand not only this island and its people, but also the Empire

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and Commonwealth of which they are still the heart. American appreciation of Britain has been growing for many years, and so has ours of the United States; but the process on both sides has been consistently marred by American dislike of the Empire and of all for which, with historical prejudice, they believed that Empire to stand.

Mr. Douglas has never shared that prejudice, and we owe much to the genuine understanding of the Commonwealth which he has shown in a succession of critical years. He has shown this in all his official relations, and he has recently proclaimed his appreciation to the world. "Personalities," he said to the Royal Empire Society on October 19, "may pass like shadows, but the Empire is firm and stable. It is the most significant political phenomenon of the past 300 years."

No one can have read this speech without warming to the deep sincerity and sympathy by which it was inspired. The understanding between the British and American peoples, on which the future of the free world depends, could never be complete so long as American sentiment and policy were tainted by the prejudice which has, for instance, made of Imperial Preference a reactionary and illiberal system to be denounced and destroyed. All honour to Mr. Douglas for the private and public zeal with which he has striven to give his people a truer understanding of all for which the Commonwealth stands in the world of our time. The tide of American opinion is turning, and he has done as much as any man to speed the flow.

The English-Speaking World

THIS prompts us to revert to Mr. Churchill. When historians come to consider the events of the last ten years, they will probably point to the deepening of understanding, and the growth of practical co-operation, between the two great sections of the English-speaking world as among the most hopeful and important factors; and they will inevitably rate second to none Mr. Churchill's contribution to this process. His genius, his mixed parentage—and perhaps also his indifference, real or apparent, to certain aspects of Commonwealth affairs—have powerfully contributed to the Anglo-American *rapprochement*, of which Mr. Douglas's speech was so moving a testimony. Thus, while we cannot help but wish that Mr. Churchill would speak more often of the Commonwealth and take a more palpable interest in it, we must always remind ourselves that his very shortcomings on this score may have been an advantage to him in his vital rôle of Anglo-American mediator. Besides, the Commonwealth can survive the neglect even of so great a man as Mr. Churchill.

Ominous Trend in South Africa

DR. MALAN has secured Mr. Havenga's agreement to a measure which will place the coloured voters of the Cape on a separate roll.

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He has also, in a reconstruction of his Cabinet, made a fanatical Nationalist and Republican Minister for Native Affairs. These things are of evil omen. The movement towards republicanism and a quasi-totalitarian system of white rule is now well on its way, and the Commonwealth may soon be asked to accommodate a member which has abandoned the liberal and human principles for which, as a whole, it has long stood and must always stand.

The white people of the Union are as free as any other sovereign people in the Commonwealth to choose the path which they are to pursue, tragic as that path may be and certain to alienate the sympathy of all the Powers on whom, in the long run, their security depends. But let there be no mistake : it is the Union itself, not the Commonwealth, which will suffer by this reaction. The Commonwealth as a political system transcends all divisions of race, and it may well be strengthened by evidence that the colour bar established in the Union has no support or sympathy in any other of its territories, in Africa or elsewhere.

Wake Island

MR. TRUMAN surprised his opponents two years ago by a campaign for the Presidency which showed unexpected flair. In a wider field he took, four months ago, an instantaneous decision on Korea which has altered the face of international affairs. The military results have been spectacular; but there the laurels have been shared with General MacArthur, an enigmatic figure with great prestige, whose views on policy the President had found it necessary to disclaim. The two men had never met, and any sign of further conflict between them was likely to handicap the Democratic Party in its struggle to retain control of Congress in the elections due this month. More serious still, it would have most gravely embarrassed the President's Administration in the whole range of its policy at Lake Success.

Once again, however, the President acted with outstanding political sense. He went to meet the General in mid-Pacific, on Wake Island, and held a conference there of only three hours—with remarkable results. Of these, the less important is that the Republican Party has not been able to use alleged differences between Truman and MacArthur as an electoral talking-point. Of far greater moment to the world at large is the agreement which they evidently reached upon United Nations policy in Korea; for that is now at its most difficult stage, and any difference between the President and the United Nations Commander might have had disastrous results.

No Mention of Formosa

THE communiqué issued after the conference was in very general terms, and there is no adequate reason to assume from it that the two men are in agreement upon the whole Pacific strategy of the United

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States. It did not, for instance, mention Formosa; and that was the topic on which they had recently fallen out. But the pressing issue was policy in Korea, and on that complete agreement was evidently attained. The result has been that the States which supported the United Nations initiative in Korea have found themselves unanimous, with one important exception, on the process of pacification now to be carried out; and it seems at last unlikely that either Russia or China will intervene to protract hostilities or to resist the United Nations Commission in its very difficult task.

The Indian Attitude

INDIA dissented from the decision to cross the 38th Parallel and has refused to be a member of the Commission. In both actions she has caused widespread regret. But Mr. Nehru's relations with Mao Tse Tung through the Indian Ambassador at Peking are evidently close, and he may well be able to work more effectively for the final understanding with China in regard to Korea, which the United Nations are bound to seek, if India remains technically detached.

Korea, moreover, is only one element in an Asiatic problem which must at all costs be solved by the West. All Asia is in urgent need of capital, material, and expert technical guidance from the West; but the force of nationalism is such that all attempts to provide this assistance on reasonable terms are exposed to the suspicion of "imperialism" or "colonialism," and therefore atrophied from the start. Russian propaganda harps incessantly, and with great effect, upon that theme. But if India and China are able to collaborate on some line of policy which will reconcile Asiatic sensitivity with the reasonable demand for financial security put forward by the West, progress is likely to be much faster and more stable than present conditions indicate. China, after all, requires for her advancement a whole range of assistance which only the West can supply. India does so too; and under wise guidance she may prove an invaluable intermediary in a field of cardinal importance to world peace.

French Reverses in Indo-China

THE collapse of aggression in Korea has unhappily been followed by a series of reverses to French arms in Indo-China which for the moment threaten France's hold on Tongking. We have the deepest sympathy for France in this emergency, which has assuredly been engineered as an offset to Korea and as a further obstacle to the essential part which France must play in the rearmament of Western Europe. It may well be that France may have to choose between Europe and Indo-China, accepting international assistance in the latter in order to husband her resources, particularly in trained man-power, for military strength on the Western front. If this be so, we trust that she will make her choice decisively and at once.

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The Russian Stockpile

THE urgency of rearmament is pointed in letters of fire by an estimate of the Russian production of atomic bombs recently published in the United States. These were given in the *New York Herald Tribune* of October 17, by Mr. Stewart Alsop, who said that his figures were those officially accepted by the American authorities. As the Alsop brothers have a high reputation for trustworthiness, the figures may be taken as the most authoritative available in a field where the difficulties besetting the intelligence services are very great.

The American authorities believe that the Soviets will have a stockpile of just under 50 bombs by the end of this year, 1950, and of over 100 by the end of 1951. It is thought that production will be accelerated by the opening of a second factory in 1952 and that the stockpile may be expected to reach a total of 300 by the end of 1955.

It follows that the North Atlantic fraternity must be prepared against a possible land attack in Europe and a possible air attack in both Europe and North America by the summer of 1953. Half-measures now will in fact leave them exposed to imminent catastrophe when the harvests are gathered less than three years from to-day.

Footnote

SIR CHARLES PETRIE, who was Managing Editor of *The English Review Magazine* before its amalgamation with *The National Review* in June of this year, has asked us to publish the following statement:—

In Mr. Hubert Griffith's article on the Theatre in the May issue of *The English Review Magazine*, opinions and views unfavourable to this country were attributed to Mr. Reginald Denham. Mr. Denham at once called our attention to the matter and has informed us that he has at no time held or expressed the opinions which were attributed to him in the article in question. We unhesitatingly accept that this is the case and unreservedly withdraw the statements referred to and tender our apology to Mr. Denham.

THE MIRAGE OF EQUALITY: A THREAT TO EDUCATION

By COLM BROGAN

IT took no great depth of wisdom or acuteness of observation for philosophers to discover that all attempts to achieve flat human equality result in nothing better than a new form of inequality. The late Professor Sumner, of Yale, advised his students that, if Communism came to the U.S.A., they should make sure to get on the Committee. In this piece of advice he expressed a simple and solid human truth that is older and sounder than the dialectic. Equality must be imposed, which means that there must be somebody to impose it, and that somebody must be on top. As all power tends to corrupt, the man on top will sooner or later begin to give himself a good time.

Political and social equality fail because human nature is fallible and strongly disinclined to believe that what is good for the general goose must also be swallowed by the personal gander. But the attempt to impose equality on contemporary British education is bound to fail for another reason. It is bound to fail through the very mechanics of the method of imposition.

The attack on educational inequality is one of the most dangerous and certainly the most futile of all the present-day attacks on privilege. If it was merely an attack on privileged opportunity, the state of mind of the reformer would be at least understandable. It is undeniable that Maurice Baring, for example, who chanted his nursery rhymes in several languages had a flying start over the boy who begins his education in the

baby room of a school in Tower Hill or Gorbals. If all the best schools and all the best parallel means of tuition were made absolutely free, and available to those judged the most qualified to take advantage of them, the results would be disastrous in a great many ways, but it would not undeniably be an egalitarian disaster. "Privilege" would still exist, of course, for the children of educated parents would still enjoy their immense advantage. How immense that advantage is can hardly be realised by those who have not taught in schools where the parents of the children come from very widely different educational strata.

But at least there would be equality in theory, so far as the educational resources directed and provided by the State were concerned. This, however, is not nearly enough for the true-red enthusiast. If the enthusiast regards it as "privilege" to be born rich, he also regards it as privilege to be born clever. Looking recently at a social report on a slum child I noticed that the social worker had marked the child down as being heavily underprivileged, "not least in his very low intelligence quotient." How to abolish this kind of privilege is the problem which vexes the enthusiast, and his tentative attempts to solve it are undoing a solid and respectable tradition of effective teaching at the primary and secondary level, particularly in working-class schools.

In recent years, many parents have been bewildered to discover that their young children toddle off to school and spend their time cutting out paper,

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playing with plasticine and pouring water into sand, until they feel the need for variety and start pouring sand into water. This is the educational method called "activities" and in the really enlightened infant school the motto of the Abbey of Theleme is the order of every day—"Do what you will." One infant teacher, discussing her class with a woman inspector, looked at her watch and said "It's time to start arithmetic." The inspector was mildly shocked by this authoritarianism. "How do you know they want to start arithmetic?" she asked.

Anarchistic psychology is part of the explanation of the new method, but egalitarianism has also a good deal to do with it. Playing with plasticine and sand are activities which the dull child can do as well as the clever child and will probably do with more enthusiasm. The educationally underprivileged can feel they are getting on as fast as the aristocrats of the mind.

But it happens that this method not only maintains but actually enhances the advantage enjoyed by those who are privileged by environment. The less children learn at school the more important becomes what they learn at home. Bernard Shaw once said that he could not remember any time when he was unable to read or write, nor could he remember ever having acquired these useful arts; they seemed to have come to him as spontaneously as breathing.

But, of course, Bernard Shaw had to learn his letters like any other child, but he was the quick-witted child of educated and intelligent parents and he would have learned as fast and as well if he had never seen the inside of a schoolroom. The case is far otherwise with children from uneducated homes. It is they who suffer deeply and often irreparably when the elements of knowledge are given a minor and

intermittent place in the school programme. In a home where no books are ever seen, where even newspapers are not much regarded and the wireless blares all day long, it is an exceptional child who shows an urgent and impatient anxiety to learn to read. But, in an educated home, where reading is as much a part of life as eating, the child is stimulated by imitativeness and competitiveness; he is inquisitive about reading in much the same way as other children are inquisitive about, say, animals or railway engines.

This is an advantage which no Ministry of Education will ever be able to do away with, but there is no reason why the Ministry should increase the advantage. It is not easy to learn to read, write and count accurately, but it is much easier for the child who has a spontaneous interest and can rely on intelligent assistance from his elders. It is true that in some highly expensive schools for young children, effort seems to be expended in discouraging the children from learning young and learning fair, but even the pupils of these schools suffer no undue damage, for the deficiencies of the school are supplied by the home.

It is far different with the unfortunate child whose parents are unable to help him to learn, and perhaps afraid to try. He needs close discipline in learning the elements, and that can be provided only in school. In a recent newspaper article, an enthusiast for "activities" said that insistence on the Three R's was "undemocratic." The writer of the article would be hard put to it to explain precisely what she meant, but the consequences of the policy she espouses are becoming clear. It is the children of the proletariat, and they alone, who are leaving their primary stage less than half taught and increasingly unfit for further study.

It is in the further stages that the

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worst damage is being done. The egalitarian would like to believe that all children are born with an equal capacity for writing Greek verse and mastering the calculus, and that any differences which the process of schooling discloses are the result of the advantages which money can bring. However, not even an egalitarian can really believe this. There are children from wealthy homes who fail their examinations with spectacular finality, and children from poor and unlettered homes who forge ahead with uncommon speed.

This contrast, gross and palpable as a mountain, cannot be denied, but it is necessary, in the sacred cause of equality, that it should be explained away. This is done by the ingenious conception of equality in difference. All children have equal aptitudes, but the aptitudes are by no means the same. It may be true that Charles is making uncommonly good progress at Latin while John suffered a first-round knock-out at the hands of Mensa and Amo. This does not mean that Charles is a cleverer boy than John, but only that he is cleverer at Latin. John is equally clever at something else. Simple Science, Nature or Woodwork may be John's specialty, or something not yet discovered, but, whatever it may be, it is just as important as John's Latin and must be given equal honour.

It is always a pity when a theory applied on a large and expensive scale happens to be entirely untrue: but such is sadly the case with what is known as "parity of esteem." Even if we should respect proficiency in simple manual crafts as much as proficiency in the highest intellectual exercises, we cannot ignore the fact that the "academic" pupils are mostly much better at nearly all the non-academic subjects than those who are taking them because

they can take nothing else. In one secondary school of very mixed standards, a group of "academic" (i.e., intelligent) girls took a full course in serious subjects, while a group of "non-academic" (i.e., unintelligent) girls were assigned to Domestic Science. The academic girls passed their Certificate examination with no great difficulty and then had a summer term with little or nothing to do. They were turned into the Domestic Science department and they learned as much in three months as the others had learned in five years. In such schools it is almost invariably the academic pupils who supply the choir for concerts and most of the drawings and paintings for public exhibition.

If one subject were as important as another, the academic pupils would still be patently superior, because they are better at them all. But one subject is not as important as another, and nothing is gained, though much is lost, by pretending that it is. Again, the chief sufferers are the clever children of the working class. To spend long years in secondary schooling is a considerable moral effort for a working-class boy. He is under discipline and burdened with long hours of homework while his former playmates, now employed in shops or factories, have assumed the *toga virilis* and are having a good time in dance halls and fun fairs and at football matches. On the long view, the industrious and ambitious boy is doing well for himself; but the short view is always before him. He is continually tempted to take the easy way out, as the middle-class boy is seldom tempted. If a middle-class boy is bored at school, he has the consolation of thinking that all his companions are bored in the same way, and he knows that if he gives up his education he is very likely to lose his class status and eventually drop out of his

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social environment. Dickens, as a young child, was employed in very simple and easy manual work, in excellent conditions; but the memory of that experience haunted his whole life. He felt that he had dropped through the social crust and was lost for ever in the social dungeons of life. It takes very little imagination for a middle-class boy to realise what it means to drop out of the middle class; but it is by no means so easy for the working-class boy to realise what it means to climb out of his class.

In fact, the prospect of rising out of his class is not entirely attractive. He is spending his time in pursuits that are not intelligible to the other boys in the street, nor to his parents. He feels that intellectually and socially he is growing away from the parents he loves and the friends of his childhood. He speaks a different language and slowly acquires different habits. This often enough rouses resentment in his former playmates and sometimes even in his parents. It is not uncommon for a father to take his boy away from secondary school because of this resentment.

The working-class boy who is ploughing through a stiff course of study may get encouragement at home, but he cannot get either full understanding or assistance. For that reason he needs all the encouragement that the school can supply. He can be fortified by the pride that comes from the knowledge that he has been picked for a species of intellectual Commando training and that he is continually proving himself to be good enough for the test. But "parity of esteem" denies him this source of pride and sustenance to his resolve. In the same school, and allegedly respected on the same standard, are pupils who never asked to do a stroke of homework, because they are incapable of doing any, and who

find extreme difficulty in writing their own names.

This is literally true. The multilateral school is the organisational implement of egalitarianism. Some of the entrants do not know and can hardly be taught how many threepenny bits there are in a shilling: but "parity of esteem" demands that they should be regarded as the equals of other entrants who are capable of taking a first-class University degree in the minimum time. The multilateral school is all things to all very young men and women. Latin and Greek are on offer. So are French, Spanish and German, Domestic Science, commercial subjects and the final futility of "organised games." It happens that the grading is sharply scaled down from the pupils who are of academic tendency to those who are incapable of learning anything, and are put in the non-academic classes, because their failure to take any profit there is slightly less spectacular than their failure would be in the classes which handle the older and worthier disciplines. Yet, in the name of egalitarianism, pupils of all capacities or none are not only housed under the same roof but are compelled to take some subjects in common, notably English. Within my own experience there was an "intake" in one multilateral school which included a small boy from a purely proletarian home. He took his Certificate in a time that was scarcely legal, took a first-class Honours degree in Science with equal speed and did so well that he earned a scholarship that entitled him to take a doctorate, also in the minimum time. In the same "intake" there was a boy who could not spell the name of the primary school he came from, the name of the street he lived in, nor even his own name. This is strict fact. He had to be received, in the name of "parity

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of esteem," because he could not be positively proved to be mentally deficient.

The disastrous and cumulative results of mixing pupils of such different attainments and capacities need hardly be explained. The smallest cross-country running club has a Fast, a Middle and a Slow Pack. If it was considered undemocratic of the Fast pack to make better time than the Slow, the common, democratic time would be very bad, and certainly not competitive. The pupils who stand in the greatest need of a strict competitive standard at school are those who can receive nothing from their family environment but affectionate pride and encouragement. When critical standards are unknown at home, they must be presented in a stimulating and challenging manner at school. That cannot be done when the pupil who cannot be trusted to take a spelling book home and return it undamaged enjoys parity of esteem with the pupil who is University timber.

The loosening and lowering of standards which are the product of egalitarian multilateralism must be seen to be believed. Pupils who should be of Guards quality are equated with pupils

of Army reject standard. It is possible for a boy of good brain but fundamental laziness to sink back into a Technical class where he fools about with wood and metal, with no reproach (and no homework) attached to his moral and mental abdication. The result of multilateralism can only be that State education will become discredited and privilege shall flourish to such an extent that all employing bodies, including State Departments, will think twice before they employ any youngster in a serious job if he does not come from a private and privileged school.

The seeking of equality downwards is the best that the enthusiasts can do, and it is a disastrous best. Socrates once said that if he went for a walk with the Olympic champion, the champion would have to walk at his pace, for he could not walk at the champion's. He forgot that if the champion went many walks at the pace of Socrates he would soon be unfit to hold his championship. Perhaps it was because he forgot such things that Socrates was liquidated as a false instructor of youth.

COLM BROGAN.

ITALIANS AND THE LAND

By K. R.

"**I** WAS ever of opinion," said Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, "that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." This agreeable and sturdy English sentiment has unfortunately had a disastrous effect upon modern Italy. Each year there are approximately half a million more births than deaths; each year the poor natural resources of the country become less able to support an already swollen population of 47 millions. To such a problem there appear to be four possible solutions: birth control, colonisation, emigration, and a development of existing Italian resources, both in agriculture and industry.

A campaign to promote birth control would have no chance of success. The Roman Catholic Church, which of course forbids all forms of birth control, is particularly strong in just those southern areas where it could be most useful. Besides, such a campaign would be expensive and ill-adapted to the many scattered rural communities. The Italians, especially in the South, prize the family above all other institutions. However poor they may be, the addition of eight, ten or twelve children is more an occasion for rejoicing than an unwelcome economic burden.

The disposal of the former Italian colonies in Africa has engendered much political heat. With an average density of only four people to the square mile, they present a superficially attractive outlet for surplus Italian population. But the recent investigations by a United Nations

Commission on the future of Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya are not politically encouraging. Eritrea, which already contains about 20,000 Italians, was almost equally divided into two factions of opinion: Coptic Christians demanding union with Ethiopia, and Moslems who would be prepared to accept European trusteeship. Only in the port of Assab was there any wish for the return of Italian influence; and even there they were desired as trustees, not rulers. Italian Somaliland has now been placed under Italian trusteeship for 10 years, at the end of which it will become an independent country. Although a semi-desert, several more thousand Italians could be settled there. Libya is also to become a sovereign state, composed of three separate territories: Cyrenaica, the Fezzan and Tripolitania. Here the prospects of colonisation are mixed. Cyrenaica, largely peopled by the Senussi, a powerful religious sect, has always hated Italian infiltration, and will not readily forget the savage cruelty of Marshal Graziani's punitive operations. It is extremely doubtful whether the independent state of Amir Sayed Mohamed Idriss will allow Italian immigration. In Tripoli, however, where there are already more than 40,000 Italians, further settlers will probably be admitted. In considering all these prospects of emigration to former Italian colonies, it must be remembered that their success under Fascism was illusory. To balance their annual budgets, the Italian Government in Rome had invariably to contribute between two-thirds and four-fifths of their revenue. They were, in fact, subsidised as strategic

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military outposts. Since the war, Great Britain has spent nearly £12 million on grants-in-aid to the former Italian colonies, merely for care and maintenance. It is unlikely that the present Italian Government could afford to pour such sums of capital into these settlements, even if political obstacles were overcome.

Emigration to other countries, especially to South America, offers a more feasible solution. During 1949, about 156,000 Italians emigrated, three-quarters of them to South America. The Argentine alone absorbed 98,000. The United States admitted 12,000 and Australia nearly 11,000. Compared with the 500,000 a year surplus population of Italy, these figures are of course unimpressive. Yet the urge to emigrate is strong. At the moment the Italian Government is negotiating with Brazil and Venezuela for increased quotas; soon it is hoped to approach Mexico, Colombia, Ecuador and Paraguay with similar requests. France, Switzerland and Belgium can absorb many thousands on short-term labour schemes. The energy and skill of Italian emigrants will certainly dispel the hard-dying myth that the Italian is a lazy worker, and it is hoped that several hundreds of thousands will soon find a future overseas. The advantages would be twofold: the obvious one that Italy would be relieved of some of her surplus population, and the additional benefit of the foreign currency which the emigrants would remit to their relatives at home.

The three possible solutions to Italy's population problem which have been discussed above all depend upon a limitation of numbers. Of equal importance is the need to develop and improve existing resources within Italy in order that they may absorb greater numbers of workers. The land question, especially in the South, is by far

the most pressing of Italy's internal problems. Since the Middle Ages little has been done to remedy the perennial grievances of the land worker. There has been no violent reform such as the French Revolution, nor even the milder legislation of a Birkenhead. The most striking feature of the land is its poor agricultural quality. Water is scarce, and when the rain does come, mountain torrents wash away the crops or cover young fruit-trees with shingle. Soil erosion and deforestation are stubborn enemies of farming: but their ravages bring no remission of taxation to the land worker. Even where the land is fertile, it is often hopelessly overcrowded by thousands of peasant-proprietors, each making a bare living from a tiny strip. Communications, housing schemes and medical services are either scanty or non-existent. The workers generally live several miles from their place of work and spend four or five hours a day journeying to and from their villages and towns. (It is only fair to add that they prefer to leave for work at three o'clock in the morning than to dwell in semi-isolation near their place of work.) Some of these hardships might be avoided if capital were available to develop the land. There is no custom, however, which binds a landlord to live on, improve and administer his estates. Frequently he sells the season's crops in advance to a local middleman, and spends the proceeds in Palermo, Naples or Rome. This process of bargaining may be repeated several times, while the peasant finds himself forced to work for a pittance on unimproved and harshly farmed land. It is significant that less fertiliser is used per acre in Italy than in any other European country. Where the system of tenure is that of crop-sharing, the land worker in the South receives only about one-



A TYPICAL AGRICULTURAL TOWN IN SICILY.

(E.N.I.T.)

fifth of the crop, as compared to the half generally given in the Veneto. The great part of the population which does not possess land forms a large pool of casual labour desperately anxious for work—even at low wages. These labourers can frequently find work only for three months in the year. To scrape an existence during the other nine months, they will try to rent strips of land of their own. But the shortage of land means that a landless worker, even if he is lucky, may only be able to find two or three tiny strips. He thus has the additional hardship of journeying long distances to tend his scattered strips, often lying in opposite directions from his village.

The following figures illustrate the distribution of land in Italy:

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| 54 per cent. of landowners possess 1 acre or less, |
| 29 per cent.: 1 to 4 acres, |
| 10 per cent.: 4 to 10 acres, |
| 7 per cent.: more than 10 acres. |

While in themselves such figures provide no argument either for or against some measure of land redistribution, two deductions can be drawn from them. First, that the average holding of the peasant-proprietor in the gener-

ally barren South is hardly adequate to sustain a large family. Secondly, that if comparatively few of the larger landlords happen to be conscientious, the lives of a vast army of landless, casually employed workers will be affected. It is of course difficult not to generalise when writing a brief survey of a vast area. The picture is not one of unrelieved gloom, and conditions vary from region to region. Perhaps the worst estates are owned by absentee landlords in Calabria and on the plain of Tavoliere. Even in the worst areas there is usually a small minority of ideal landlords who have created oases of olive groves, fruit trees, vines and tobacco; while the Fascists, notoriously apathetic to the problems of the South, did at least establish some successful wheat-growing farms round Foggia. The fertile coastal plain of Apulia is full of well-run estates. But with the best will in the world, areas such as the Ionian coast, craggy and waterless, appear to be almost beyond reclamation. On the whole much can be done to remedy conditions which by English standards remain appalling throughout the South.

The Government of Signor de

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Gasperi came into office in 1948, pledged to carry out measures of land reform. In recent months Communist agitators have taken advantage of the genuine distress among land workers to incite them to occupy uncultivated land. These incidents, which have sometimes ended in bloody brushes with the police, have caused the Government to accelerate their plans. An emergency law for the Sila, a mountainous plateau in Calabria, has already come into operation, and 175,000 acres are in the process of being transferred from big estates to peasant proprietorship. A similar *stralcio*, or partial redistribution, of other southern areas will begin next year. Rather than examine these limited measures, it will be more convenient to look at the complete Government plan for land reform, of which they form but a loosely connected part.

The plan provides for the redistribution and improvement of more than three million acres—about 5 per cent. of the total cultivable land in Italy. The process is to take 10 years. There is to be no outright confiscation, as the Communists advocate. About 8,000 landowners will be required to give up from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. of their land. The exact amount for each estate is to be determined by taking into account its acreage and income; in this way, the landowner who has spent capital on the improvement of his land will not be as heavily penalised as the idle landlord. It has also been laid down that expropriation is to be carried out to a far less extent in the fertile areas of Lombardy and Piedmont than among the unproductive *latifondi* of the South. In return for their land, the owners will receive compensation, partly in cash and partly in interest-bearing Government bonds. The amount of compensation will be based on the taxable value

of the land. Thus retribution will overtake those landowners who in the past have constantly put a low value on their land to escape taxation! Many landowners are in fact already selling part of their land voluntarily before the Government's law comes into operation.

It is hoped that between 150,000 and 200,000 formerly landless families will be settled on the expropriated land. They will not receive it as a gift, but will pay the Government for it by instalments over 30 years; at the end of which it will become their absolute property. To meet the needs of the new proprietors, the Government will itself lend money at low rates of interest. It is obvious that all needy families cannot be settled on the limited amount of land made available by redistribution. A Commission will undertake a census of all candidates, and allot land according to the number of people in the family and the land, if any, already held. Unfortunately, this is almost certain to lead to much discontent and accusations of favouritism. This is unavoidable. For those peasants who do not receive a grant of land, it is hoped to provide greater security of tenure, regularisation of wages and rent, and, where applicable, a more equitable share of crops.

It is obvious that mere redistribution of land is not enough; there must also be land improvement. The Government intends to spend £50 million on compensation, but four times that amount on improvement. It is expected that the United States will provide about one-quarter of this sum. Where is the Italian Government to obtain the balance? Italy is a poor country. Her national income per head is 15 per cent. that of the United States, 26 per cent. that of Great Britain, 46 per cent. that of France. But such capital

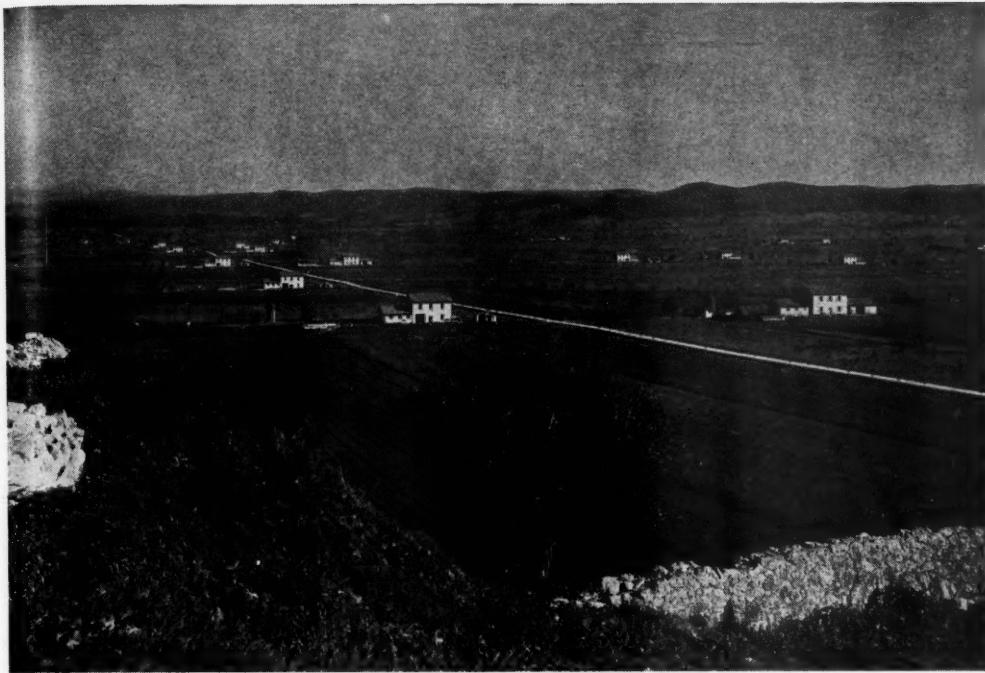
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as does exist has not yet been mobilised. Rather than invest in constructive home industries and Government loans, Italians prefer more attractive speculations. Rome is full of half-finished blocks of luxury flats which are completed floor by floor, the considerable advance rent for one floor providing the capital for the one above it. Naples, with 200,000 unemployed and terrible housing conditions, was recently blessed by an additional cinema at a cost of over £300,000. There is little check on investments in hard-currency areas. Annually, a great sum of lire is unofficially converted into dollars, thus partially nullifying the effect of E.C.A. loans. People in England will find it difficult to picture a situation in which money-changing shops in all the large towns freely sell dollars in exchange for Italian lire. It is but one aspect of an economic blindness which permits motor cars and motor scooters to be made in profusion for the domestic market, while the Italian railways still suffer from a shortage of rolling-stock. The present system of taxation is cumbersome and unproductive: the head of E.C.A. recently pointed out that a man drinking a cup of coffee paid 43 different taxes on it! Most taxpayers have inherited an attitude of mind bred by centuries of foreign domination. They regard the Government as an oppressive commercial enemy whom they are fully at liberty to deceive. Income and property taxes thus become compromises between the highly exaggerated estimates of tax-payer and tax-collector. The Government has announced its intention of overhauling this clumsy system, by the introduction, among other means, of modern accounting machinery. The ensuing yield should add greatly to the Government's resources for dealing with the land

question. There is, moreover, a widespread belief that as long as the Communist danger exists in Western Europe, the United States will continue to add without stint to the \$2,700 million already contributed towards Italy's post-war recovery. Such an attitude of mind may lead to complete apathy.

There seem no limits to what might be achieved in Southern Italy if the capital were forthcoming. Forests could be replanted, soil erosion arrested and malarial marshes drained. Irrigation schemes, such as that recently opened in Lucania, could turn barren soil into fertile settlements. Great additions could be made to the national larder—a necessary process when it is remembered that Italy has the lowest consumption figures in the whole of Europe for meat, milk, cheese, oils and fats. Light industries could be established: timber, tanning, oil refineries and fruit-canning. Mountain streams could be dammed to provide electric power. The vast surplus population of the South could be absorbed into employment, not only regaining its self-respect as an integral part of the Italian state, but also assisting the industries of the North by providing a market for consumer goods.

Such is the vision of the reformers. Yet scepticism abounds. After centuries of indifference to their plight, few land workers have faith in the recently announced programme of reform. Although Signor de Gasperi and his ministers are genuinely anxious to carry out extensive reforms, it is believed that many members even of the Christian Democratic Party are lukewarm. Already the scheme has been attacked by the Left, who think it insufficient, and by the Right, who threaten to delay the whole plan by raising technical objections. The task is urgent, and must be undertaken



RECLAIMED MARSHLAND IN TUSCANY.

(E.N.I.T.)

before poverty drives Italy's two million unemployed and millions more semi-employed into the arms of Communism. Social reform is undoubtedly a better insurance against Communism than the much-vaunted police force of the Minister of the Interior, Signor Scelba. As instruments of social reform, Italy has a crying need for organisation, energy and capital. These needs can be met. Her most urgent need, however, is less easy to meet.

This is the awakening of a social conscience among the wealthy. The Roman Catholic Church has so far confined itself in this field to charitable relief and a wordy crusade against Communism. In the months to come, it will perhaps confound its enemies by achieving a triumphant moral victory among its most influential supporters. But of such a spirit, few signs have yet appeared in Rome.

K. R.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS

By DENYS SMITH

THE issues of a political campaign are often more interesting and significant than the results. This has been particularly true of the campaign preceding the American national elections on November 7. For the first time since 1941 foreign policy was a major, in fact, the major, issue between the two parties. One would have to go back to the Wilson-Harding era to find a comparable situation. But then the dividing line was between assuming or rejecting the international responsibilities of a great power. Now that issue is as dead as the dodo, and the political argument this year has been over the manner in which those responsibilities and obligations have been carried out.

Americans, it will be recalled, can change their Presidents every four years and their House of Representatives every two. Senators are elected for six years and their terms staggered so that one-third are elected every two years. No action of the voters can end President Truman's term of office for two more years. There may, therefore, be people who would have eagerly voted to terminate it if they could, but who are relatively indifferent about the outcome of this "mid-term" election. Yet President Truman and his record figured more prominently in the campaign than the record of Congress. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since foreign policy is the peculiar responsibility of the President, with the Senate and, in a still lesser degree, the House of Representatives, playing a subordinate rôle.

During the early summer the campaign issues were taking shape mainly on domestic lines: labour legislation, farm policy, the civil rights programme, the health insurance scheme and the like. There was some interest in foreign policy, since the Republicans were seeking to make what capital they could out of the Communist success in the Far East, and accusing past Democratic Administrations of having been blind to the dangers of Communism both abroad and at home. But it was by no means a major issue and would have determined very few results. Then came the Korean war, which for a time turned the great game of politics into a species of blind man's buff. None of the professional politicians could see clearly how they could catch the voters. All the assumptions on which they had been basing their strategy vanished in the smoke of the battle. At first it seemed likely that the Democrats would benefit from the boldness and decision shown by President Truman when the Communist invasion started. But as the news from the front grew worse there were signs that the voters were ready to turn in anger on the Truman Administration and the party which supported it. The war is not "popular." There is no "blow the trumpets bang the brasses" spirit about. People are grim, resigned and determined; but they do not like it. The situation was made to order for the Opposition party. But for the blundering of successive Democratic Administrations, they could insist, the whole thing could have been

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avoided. First a vacillating, temporising and ill-conceived diplomacy had invited the Communist attack, and then an undiscriminating and politically-inspired slashing of the armed services had left the country unprepared to meet it.

Two Cabinet members who had never been elected or run for any office, the Secretary of State, Mr. Acheson, and the Secretary of Defence, Mr. Johnson, were the inevitable targets of the Opposition by reason of the posts they held. Mr. Acheson had been under fire for some time on the grounds that he allowed himself to be influenced by Communist sympathisers, some of whom were retained in the State Department. But the wild charges of Senator McCarthy and his friends were replaced by more damaging charges of responsible Republicans. These did not complain of treasonable or underhand behaviour, but of lack of foresight and acumen. Secretary Johnson was even more vulnerable because of his brash and boastful statements that he had made the armed forces stronger by curtailing them. The fifty thousand million dollars spent in the past four years on defence should, it was argued, have been used to better effect. The unfortunate Mr. Johnson, who had been something of a popular hero for his successful efforts in cutting down the military budget and making a tax reduction possible, turned rapidly into a national villain.

It was not long before Republican Party meetings began passing resounding resolutions calling for the resignation of Mr. Acheson whose policies "gave the Communists encouragement to attack Korea" and Mr. Johnson, whose policies "failed to keep the armed services strong." The campaign against the two Cabinet members was fanned so successfully by the Republicans that it began to affect the Demo-

crats as well. Many of them were convinced that as long as the two remained in the Cabinet the Democrats would lose their Congressional majorities. Some of them expressed this view publicly. The Assistant Democratic Whip, Mr. Percy Priest of Tennessee, who had been challenged by a rival Democrat in the party primary, announced that he would use his influence to secure the resignation of both Mr. Acheson and Mr. Johnson. The President declared that this was an improper statement and that the two men would remain at their posts as long as he was in the White House. But Mr. Priest found that there were some two score Democrats in the House ready to support him. Only the quick action of the Democratic leaders prevented a series of one-minute speeches being made endorsing his stand.

Another Democrat, Mr. Anthony Tauriello, who had won a normally Republican seat in Buffalo two years ago, felt so insecure that he addressed an open letter to Mr. Johnson telling him that his "continuance in office is necessarily embarrassing to the Chief Executive." Mr. Johnson answered that if that were so he would not still be in the Cabinet. Confident of continued Presidential support, he suggested that Mr. Tauriello should approach Mr. Truman directly. "I believe that he is fully capable of speaking for himself with respect to what he considers embarrassing." The situation was further exacerbated by the fact that there had for long been a running feud between the Defence and State Departments, whose responsibilities overlap at many points. The State Department was accused of passing judgment on defence matters and the Defence Department on diplomatic matters. The common attack to which the two Cabinet members were subjected did not draw them together: in

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fact they were increasingly at loggerheads. There was a suspicion that Mr. Johnson, against whom the greater part of the criticism was directed, had been in contact with prominent Republicans in an effort to divert most of the fire to his State Department colleague. Mr. Johnson was also unpopular with some of Mr. Truman's supporters who suspected him of wishing to be Presidential candidate in 1952, and therefore not entirely loyal to his chief.

The main argument against dismissing either was that it would be taken as a confession of weakness and as an admission that there was substance to the Opposition charges. If one of them had to go it was obvious that it would have to be Mr. Johnson. As a former head of the American Legion, Mr. Johnson should have had the support of Veterans' groups. But the Veterans of Foreign Wars passed a resolution calling for his resignation, and the Marine Corps League voted down a resolution calling for Mr. Acheson's resignation, but voted for Mr. Johnson's dismissal. The President finally decided that Mr. Johnson's continuance in office was "embarrassing" after all. To offset any political disadvantages which might ensue he called upon General Marshall to replace him. General Marshall's enormous prestige has helped to restore public confidence in the Defence Department and has strengthened the Truman Administration in the eyes of the voters. The appointment has also ended the friction between the Defence and State Departments, since General Marshall and his Under-Secretary, Mr. Lovett, were the team which formerly ran the State Department and initiated most of the policies which Mr. Acheson is now carrying out.

It remains to be seen, however, whether the removal of one unpopular target will in the long run reduce the

hostile fire by half or concentrate it all on Mr. Acheson. A somewhat ominous sign for Mr. Acheson occurred during a pre-election exchange of invective between the President and Mr. John Lewis, head of the Mine Workers' Union. The President's friends, realising that it is hopeless to try and curb his occasionally unparlour-like prose, have apparently decided to make a virtue of it and build Mr. Truman up as a kind of salty Andrew Jackson. A letter written to a political friend was made public in which Mr. Truman remarked that he would not even appoint Lewis dogcatcher. Mr. Lewis, a shrewd judge of public sentiment, did not snap back at the White House, or even at the Department of Interior, with which he has been at odds in the past over fuel policy, but at the State Department. If he were national dogcatcher there would be more brains in the Dog Department than the State Department. His first act, moreover, would be to catch and impound the "intellectual poodles" and the "pusillanimous pups" of that Department.

Alongside the drive against the two unpopular Cabinet members, the Republicans conducted a general campaign against the foreign policy of present and past Democratic Administrations. During August four Republicans who had taken the lead in promoting the bi-partisan foreign policy established the broad lines of this campaign in a Manifesto declaring:— "The major tragedy of our time was the failure and refusal of American leadership in 1945 to recognise the true aims and methods of the rulers of Soviet Russia." Senator Vandenberg, the chief Republican architect of the bi-partisan policy, announced from his sick-bed that he was in general agreement with his colleagues' strictures. As the Manifesto pointed out, the

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Republicans had neither been consulted about nor had endorsed the Democratic policy in the Far East. There was no Republican leader at Yalta or Potsdam. Behind China's back Russia was given control of Manchuria and Outer Mongolia, of Dairen and Port Arthur. In return Russia agreed to enter the Pacific war, which America won without her. Russia was given the "green light" to seize what she could in China, Korea and Formosa for Communism. If she had not entered the Pacific war, there would have been no 38th parallel in Korea and the aggressive forces of Communism would not have been able to use captured Japanese arms to move from areas placed under their control to overrun the greater part of the Asiatic mainland. This folly was compounded in 1946 when Generalissimo Chiang was urged to include Communists in his Government. First his position was undermined by handing over Chinese territory to the Russians without his knowledge, and then a demand was made which gave the Chinese people the clear impression that he no longer had American support. Positive actions such as these, not the loss of popular confidence due to inefficient Government, were responsible for Chiang's downfall.

The main lines of Democratic defence were laid down in a ten-page booklet issued late in September entitled *Who Voted to Strengthen the Free World?* with a sub-title *Who Heartened the Kremlin?* If anybody gave Communism the "green light," the booklet averred, "surely it was those isolationist Senators who consistently opposed the steps necessary to strengthen the free nations of the world." The voting record of every Republican "isolationist" was then given in detail. Another line of defence was based upon a semi-official

biography of Mr. Truman, *Man of Independence*, written by a former White House official, Mr. Jonathan Daniels. The root of the trouble was former Secretary of State Mr. Byrnes, who was, in the President's quoted phrase, a "miserable failure." The President himself had wanted a tough policy followed towards the Russians, but Mr. Byrnes "lost his nerve" at the Moscow Foreign Ministers' Conference at the end of 1945. "I told him our policy was not appeasement and not a one-way street," Mr. Daniels was authorised to quote the President as saying. Mr. Byrnes retired in January, 1947, which would also make him responsible for the Far Eastern policy which the Republicans criticised. Since then Mr. Byrnes has delighted the Republicans by vigorously attacking the domestic policies of the Truman Administration; so from the political point of view he made an ideal scapegoat for the Administration's supporters.

Back in the early part of September the disheartened Democrats were telling each other that only a big victory in Korea before November 7 could prevent a wholesale loss of Democratic Congressional seats. But that seemed like hoping for a miracle. However, thanks to the Republican Party's hero, General MacArthur, the miracle happened. His amphibious landing at Inchon on September 14 was as much a one-man decision as any military decision can be. The Chiefs of Staff in Washington had been sceptical. The story is told, apparently with some foundation, that General MacArthur had been re-reading Wolfe's diary. General Wolfe asked each of his staff officers and commanders what they thought of his plan to get behind General Montcalm's position in Quebec by moving up the St. Lawrence to the spot now known as Wolfe's Cove and climbing a tortuous cliff path. They

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all declared it to be impossible. Wolfe reasoned that if his own associates thought it impossible, so would the enemy. General MacArthur followed the same line of reasoning.

The improvement in the Korean situation came, however, too soon to be completely useful to the Democrats. In the intervening weeks the first flush of relief faded, and as public anxiety on the military account was lifted, more attention was paid to the rise in prices which followed the military expansion programme. The country is witnessing what might almost literally be called a "racing" inflation. The finishing tape at which the race must logically end is the imposition of controls on wages and prices: but nobody knows how far off that tape is, or whether indeed it will ever be reached. The President can impose the relevant controls whenever he wishes. Congress gave him all the powers he requested and some which he did not. The basic cause of the rise in prices, now above the 1948 peak, is the competition between military and civilian wants. Civilians, for example, want steel for cars and refrigerators, the military for tanks and guns. The steel industry is preparing to expand its 100,000,000-ton capacity by 9,400,000 tons, but it takes steel to expand steel. Meanwhile each Union leader races to get as high a wage increase as his fellow leader before the controls are imposed, rather than lose the confidence of his followers. Increased labour costs mean increased prices.

The Department of Agriculture is then bound by law to use the increased prices paid by the farmer for industrial goods as the base for an increase of the price at which the Government supports farm crops.

Food prices are a major factor in the cost of living index. The Unions will use the increased cost of living as an argument for increased wages, and so the cycle will start again unless something is done to check it. Yet any step taken to check it involves political risk. Before Korea the Democrats were relying on continued prosperity to help them. Now they are haunted by prosperity's ugly step-sister, inflation.

Anything written about the election results before they take place is likely to be wrong, but at the moment the Republicans believe that they will increase their representation in both Houses, though not sufficiently to give them control. Because of the difficulties ahead they are not too despondent about this. Mr. Guy Gabrielson, the Republican National Committee Chairman, has recently been predicting Republican gains of five in the Senate and twenty-five in the House. To gain control the Republicans need seven in the Senate and forty-eight in the House. An increase in strength without a clear majority in Congress would mean that Republican influence would be increased without their having to assume any responsibility for necessary, if unpopular, measures.

DENYS SMITH.

PARTY MANNERS

By J. C. TREWIN

I AM not a politician, merely a dramatic critic: one of the school that Congreve referred to in effect, and not over-politely, as "ratsbane scattered up and down the pit." Early this year I attended professionally a production of Mr. Val Gielgud's comedy, *Party Manners*, at the admirable Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage. Not, as I say, being politically-minded, I did not realise that this was a play that (so I have had to surmise from later events) was packed with the deadliest high explosive. I tremble to think how near I was to being atomised; and with me some of my respected colleagues—the critic of *Tribune*, for example, who wrote:

Mr. Gielgud's comedy at the Embassy is an entertaining political trifle from the Right wing, scrupulously fair, carefully written, impartially anti-Labour. It concerns an Old Etonian Labour politician who becomes the head of an atomic research board, and has to decide between helping the Party at the Election and safeguarding national security. The Board's headquarters are in one of the stately homes of England, and as cook-butler he engages its former owner, the improvident Lord Eltham, for whom he fagged at Eton, and who indulges in some mild propaganda for hedonism. Mr. Gielgud's political reasoning is often naïve, but he knows his contemporary world, and some of his good-humoured criticisms are well placed.

Also the critic of *The New Statesman*, who suggested that the play was a *jeu d'esprit* not to be taken seriously, and who ended:

Clive Morton as Christopher Williams is smoothly "to the life," and Raymond Lovell, as the butler-earl who

doubts whether "Fair Shares" can make any decanter "go round the world" is a delight. As they draw on a fabulous cellar whose contents the Office of Works has overlooked, in order to ascertain empirically the meaning of a "two-bottle man," it is as though a slightly muted Mr. Dalton were taking wine with the late, and lamented, Lord Castlerosse. Not Wycherley or Wilde, but very passable good fun.

I was surprised to find the other day that Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P., a pleasant light essayist on Association football, had forgotten his *Tribune* colleague's previous notice and had said during a whimsical article on old railways: "Now I come to think of it, Val Gielgud should write one of those nice little plays of his about the Great Central Railway. . . . On second thought, I don't think I will offer my beloved Great Central to Val Gielgud. It should be handled by someone who knows how to write plays."

Now why should Mr. Mallalieu drag in the name of Mr. Val Gielgud? Because, a few nights earlier, the Television Service of the British Broadcasting Corporation had dared to present the comedy of *Party Manners* as a Sunday evening play. It was also to have been done on an evening later in the week, but the screens had barely ceased to flicker on Sunday before a Bomb Disposal Squad was at work. *Party Manners* was attacked next morning, and on the Tuesday, in the *Daily Herald*. One *Herald* angel called the piece "crude, silly and insulting." So it seemed that *Party Manners*, called elsewhere a polished, urbane, good-tempered, entertaining comedy had become

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a deadly peril to the nation. At Broadcasting House the long week-end of misgiving and discussion now ended abruptly. It was on Tuesday that Lord Simon of Wythenshawe gave instructions that the play should not be repeated. It all looked odd to me: but I was merely a dramatic critic. Puzzled to know why Lord Simon had suddenly observed the dangers of the piece, I went so far as to ask whether the now (presumably) obvious scandal of its appearance at Swiss Cottage last spring had had any effect on the life of the nation. The answer was: yes, indeed. Mr. Gielgud had received no fewer than three letters—two of which protested against the play's Left-wing tendencies, and another which protested against its glorification of alcohol. These were received after the sound broadcast in April.

I do not gather that either of these matters weighed with Lord Simon. He said, in a personal statement, that having read the script of the sound broadcast of *Party Manners* on Saturday, September 30, "because a colleague had drawn my attention to the fact that the play was to be televised" (the italics are mine), he was much disturbed. He found that, "although admittedly a comedy, part of the plot turned upon the apparent willingness of the British Cabinet, in order to win a general election, to imperil national security by releasing the secret of the atom bomb. I felt such a play capable of being misunderstood, and it seemed to me that if that came about, it could not be in the public interest."

A "week-end of misgiving and discussion" followed. (During the misgiving and discussion *Party Manners* was duly televised.) Then the axe fell, as Gilbert's trio observed on another occasion, with the short, sharp shock of "a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block."

"I gave instructions," said Lord

Simon, "that the play should not be repeated." In his apologia which was published on October 12, he also said this:

It is the prime duty of the Governors to ensure that the B.B.C. shall be impartial in all matters of political controversy. But this does not mean that it should be impartial on subjects about which the great mass of opinion in this country is agreed. Foremost among such subjects is the need to uphold democracy.

"The need to uphold democracy": yes, indeed. But, being merely a dramatic critic, I cannot see why Lord Simon feels that democracy must be upheld by the suppression of what even Left-wing papers call "very passable good fun" and "an entertaining political trifle." The whole business seems to me to be autocratic, dictatorial, intolerant to a degree. I may be wrong . . . but Lord Simon should have seen that his own statement was capable of being misunderstood.

What interests me now—speaking always as a theatre critic—is the ghost of another and more melodramatic play behind Lord Simon's statement. Who is this mysterious Colleague at Lord Simon's elbow, the Colleague who drew attention to the fact that *Party Manners* was to be televised? And what happened when attention had been drawn? How did the Governors meet during that week-end of "misgiving and discussion"? Lord Simon says: "I gave instructions that the play should not be repeated." Yes: off with its head! But we know nothing of incidents between the Drawing of Attention and the Order for Execution, nothing more, that is, than the simple (too simple) phrase: "After a week-end of misgiving and discussion, I gave instructions. . . ." We have nowhere any statement that Lord Simon's colleagues concurred, or any knowledge

PARTY MANNERS

of the way in which the Governors of the B.B.C. conducted their deliberations. The Chairman read the script; he was much disturbed; he felt that such a play was capable of being misunderstood; there was a week-end of misgiving and discussion; and the axe fell. The final paragraph of Lord Simon's statement reads:

From beginning to end neither I nor any other Governor nor anyone on the staff of the B.B.C. has received any representations or pressure, direct or indirect, from any member of the Government, or indeed from anyone outside the Corporation.

There is merely the Colleague who, realising suddenly that *Party Manners* is to be televised, draws Lord Simon's attention to the fact. Here, surely, is a strongly dramatic scene. Who is this Colleague? And, anyway—speaking as an average citizen troubled by the whole extraordinary affair—how exactly do the B.B.C. Governors work? I gather only that Lord Simon, after discussion with people unnamed, has a right of veto. We have been told nothing to the contrary; and the silence is alarming.

Mr. Gielgud's gentle jest was likely, so I must believe, to shake any listener's faith in democratic government. But what shakes my faith—at least in the present way of government—is the muffling, the muzzling, of this play, the foolish official evasiveness, the suspicion that this kind of thing may continue, that any play is likely to be banned on the vaguest of pretexts. I presume that, after this, Lord Simon

and the Governors will make it their business to see that the B.B.C. never broadcasts Shakespeare's tragedy of *Coriolanus*. Undoubtedly, a Colleague would draw attention to the piece, which contains—among much else—a few lines spoken by one of the Tribunes of the people:

Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

If this gagging and suppression is accepted without question, we do not know where it will stop. But plainly it cannot be accepted if there is, as Lord Simon says, a "need to uphold democracy." The *Party Manners* incident needs far more detailed investigation. We want to know how the Board of Governors works, how the right of veto is exercised, who has the rôle of Colleague, and why there was this strange tardiness about *Party Manners*—a play that did not stir a ripple (except, as I have said, complaint at its Left-wing tendencies) during those perilous January nights at Swiss Cottage. I like one speech in *Party Manners* in particular:

Why can't you learn to laugh at yourself and stop taking yourselves so damned seriously? The only consistent political belief held by the English is that all politicians are funny.

I am only a dramatic critic, ratsbane in the pit: but I do feel that this speech might be pondered, both at what I believe it is customary to call the Highest Levels in Broadcasting House—and elsewhere.

J. C. TREWIN.

"Sig

SIGNS OF PERSONALITY

By "TOBY"

*"O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To sit with Tarleton on an ale post's sign."*

THOUGH Bishop Hall made this reference in his 16th century "Satyres" to the esteem of the Elizabethan wag and actor, Dick Tarleton, presentation of celebrities' portraits on inn-signs is not confined to that particular epoch of our history. Horace Walpole expresses similar sentiments in an 18th century letter: "I was yesterday out of town and the very signs, as I passed through the villages, made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's Head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had

left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my breast, and said to myself, 'Surely all glory is but as a sign.'"

The generic title *Duke's Head* is a good example of the way in which popularity with the public waxed and waned throughout the years. The 17th century *Duke's Head* at Yarmouth had various heads at different times; in 1745 "Butcher" Cumberland was shown, but the sign was later changed to represent the Duke of Wellington—who has remained on this and countless other signs to this day. (A particularly effective rendering of the Iron Duke in diplomatic garb is seen outside a small tavern in Belgravia.)

Royalty features prominently on inn-signs, and this motif has enabled the best contemporary painters to show their skill. Mr. Michael Farrar Bell has appropriately adorned the *King's Head* inn at Great Bircham, on the Sandringham Estate; Mr. Ralph Ellis, R.A., painted both the *King of Bohemia* for Hampstead and our own George III for the *King's Head* at Drayton, Surrey; whilst on an inn-sign at Mitcham—also in Surrey—Mr. F. Stocks May has depicted the "Martyr" King, Charles the First.

Holbein's well-known portrait has been used effectively as a basis for the double signboard of King Henry VIII at Hever, Kent. The legend is that the king courted Anne Boleyn at Hever and that when Anne was



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, CHESTER ROW, S.W.1.

"Signs of Personality"

executed the village alehouse adopted the name of *Bullen Butchered*. This was tactfully changed to *Bull and Butcher* in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and later became the *King's Head*—though the painter placed an axe in the king's hand.

Apart from the renowned *St. Peter's Finger* down in Dorset and a secluded *Stephen Langton* of Magna Carta fame in Friday Street, Surrey, there are few illustrious ecclesiastics on our signs. The *Startled Saint* sign at West Malling strikes a new note, showing the return of St. Leonard to his native district surrounded by modern fighter planes. And Mr. Harvey James designed in 1946 a *Cardinal's Error* at Tonbridge, recalling Cardinal Wolsey's vain boast to replace the ancient priory by a grammar school.

The patron saints of shoemakers, Crispin and Crispianus are found at Stroud upon a board painted by Sir Garrard Tyrrwhitt-Drake. They fled from Rome under persecution by Diocletian, worked as shoemakers and in 287 suffered martyrdom in molten lead.

From saints to statesmen is perhaps a difficult step, but there are some fine signboard portraits honouring such politicians as the Earl of Beaconsfield at Beaconsfield, Sir Robert Peel at Norbiton (another Ralph Ellis sign) and Lord Palmerston, whom Mr. David Evans has depicted for an inn at Kilburn, on the Edgware Road.

The hero of Italian independence in the 19th century, Giuseppe Garibaldi, is accorded a small board at Staines and another European worthy, Maurice of Nassau, appears as the *Grave Maurice* (German *Graf=Count*) in Whitechapel.

Prominent ladies are not omitted from the gallery. Apart from countless Queen Victorias and a striking "Queen Anne," well framed, at Walworth,



THE LORD BEACONSFIELD, AT BEACONSFIELD BUCKS.

tribute has been paid to Florence Nightingale, Jane Shore and Jenny Lind—to name only a few. *Peggy Bedford* on a sign at Colnbrook, is more cryptic: but Peggy had her big moment when Queen Victoria visited the inn and she—the landlady—nursed the Queen's infant son, later King Edward VII.

Literary giants have a fairly thin time on signboards, though Dr. Johnson is honoured at the *Cogers* in a Court off Fleet Street, where he is shown back and front with pipe and tankard. His friend the actor David Garrick has a wider public, for he appears at Bristol, Cheltenham and Bath, besides two handsome portraits in London.

Military figures naturally strike the popular imagination and every General and Admiral worth his salt has had at least one signboard to himself. Havelock, Gordon, Haig and Foch; Beatty, Blake, Nelson and Howe—all are still



THE JOHNNY GILPIN AT WARE, HERTS.

commemorated in this manner, besides such tributes as the *Hero of Crimea*, *Jutland* and *Waterloo*. *John Rattlebones*—a valiant warrior of the Civil Wars—is shown upon a striking sign at Sherston, Wiltshire, clasping a tile to his wounded side in the thick of the battle. The *Von Alten* at Chatham depicts the German Commander who fought for Wellington at Waterloo, and the *General Tarleton* sign at Ferrensby, Yorkshire, is said to be based on a description of the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds of *Tarleton of the Legion*. Modern artists are upholding the tradition of military signs, for we have *John Brunt, V.C.*, at Paddock Wood in Kent, and the *Old Sergeant* sign at Enfield, painted

by Miss Kathleen Claxton from an eighty-five-year-old Chelsea pensioner, Sergeant Stevens.

Action is depicted on many inn-signs: they are not all tranquil and “posed.” One example of this is the *Johnny Gilpin* sign at Ware, in Hertfordshire. Another is the *Cumberland Wrestlers* at Carlisle. In one sense Carlisle’s inns may be stereotyped in character (they are managed by the State): but on their signboards at least they can show individuality.

In the words of Taylor, the 17th century “Water-Poet” and innkeeper:

“*There is many a head hangs for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?*”

“TOBY.”

Farm and Garden

AUTUMN LEAVES

By LADY EVE BALFOUR

THE words "farm and garden" go together in our minds as naturally as "bacon and eggs": but the phrase should really be "farm or garden," for as human occupations and interests they are, in fact, combined as seldom as that other well-known couple—"Agriculture and Fisheries." The active farmer is rarely interested in gardening, or the serving sailor in the land, and yet the retired farmer frequently becomes a keen gardener, and the seaman, when he leaves the sea, nearly always turns to the land. The reason, I think, is simple enough. All three occupations, though separate, have one fundamental thing in common: they are not concerned with man-made artifice but deal with life and the elements.

These thoughts have come to me because of my personal experience. During my thirty years as a farmer, a garden really meant nothing to me beyond an æsthetic pleasure in the colour of flowers and a greedy delight in good vegetables: but since I took up my present job as Organising Secretary of the Soil Association, and so ceased to be engaged in practical farming, I, like many of my fellows, have become an enthusiastic amateur gardener—although my garden reflects my farming background.

I have an acre of land into which it amuses me to see how great a variety of plant species and activities can be squeezed. Each side of a hundred-yard-long herbaceous border there is an avenue of hard fruit; behind these, five midget fields worked on a rota-

tional basis, like a farm. When it is the turn of these fields to come into a deep-rooting ley, the livestock is poultry, ducks, and one donkey that does a large part of the work of my little holding. At the north end I have planted a pocket-handkerchief-sized wood of forest trees and dug a duck pond. Here, too, are two beehives and, fitted in at odd corners, vegetable plots, glass houses and a soft-fruit cage. Perhaps the most important feature of the acre is the strawed poultry yard. This deep-litter system of keeping poultry on a garden scale has been described in this journal by John Wyndon, who originated it. I too have referred to it. In my case, there is access from the strawed yard to a grass run of a size which would soon become a muddy patch of bare ground if the hens were confined to it: but as they greatly prefer to spend most of their time in the strawed yard and only go in to the run to eat grass and then come back again, it remains permanently green, and I have the very great pleasure of watching the chickens healthily and happily engaged in doing most of the labour of my compost making. Long straw is continually added to the yard, which is cleaned out once a year. I have just finished this annual operation and secured twenty-nine donkey-cartloads of material from the yard, weighing approximately 5 cwt. per load. This has been assembled into two long compost heaps, where it has heated up to a temperature of 150° F. This capacity to heat, without any addition

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whatsoever, surprises people who see it when it comes out of the yard, because the lower levels have already decomposed there, to the likeness of compost, and the top layer has been reduced to chaff: but it is not composed entirely of straw activated with the hens' droppings, for, throughout the year, barrow-loads of weeds, grass, green stuff, and other such material have been thrown into it. This method of poultry keeping and compost making produces such excellent results that it should be much more widely known. It is particularly suitable for town and suburban gardens, and it occurs to me, at this time of the year, that such gardens have access to very large quantities of dead autumn leaves. Trees are deep-rooting and they tap minerals which are conveyed through the sap into the leaves, which minerals, when the leaves fall, are made available to the surface soil: yet, on the whole, how little use is made of this valuable product. Far too often its destiny is the bonfire. Of course, the gardener who prefers richness in his soil to tidiness of appearance just lets his leaves lie where they fall: but sometimes there is too great a quantity for this, and what best to do with them becomes quite a problem. They are not easy to compost by themselves, though left in a heap for long enough they produce beautiful leaf mould. Where storage space is available they can be stored through the winter and composted with lawn mowings and other green material in the spring. But I believe very large quantities indeed of them could be used, in the place of straw, for the litter of a hen run. The

resulting compost, when cleared out and heaped up once a year, would probably be even richer than that made with straw, and in most town and suburban gardens leaves can be obtained in large quantities for the asking —whereas in such places, straw has to be purchased.

We frequently talk of the wicked waste that goes on through neglect or destruction of available organic residues: but I think this conjures up in most people's minds such malpractices as the farmer burning his straw and the municipal authority putting its sewage into the sea. It is not easy for the individual, particularly the town-dweller, to do very much about either of these: but he *can* do something about the waste that goes on all around him. A friend of mine, who lives at Croydon, recently noticed the local road man near his house, cleaning up the strip between an asphalt path and the fence. This strip had accumulated some humus in the form of dust, leaves and rubbish, and this, assisted no doubt by the local dog population, had turned into soil and was growing beautiful rich green grass. Seeing this being scraped up together and thrown into the barrow, my friend said: "What's going to happen to that? Can I have it?" The old man said: "Come and fetch it, come and fetch it—it all goes down the chute"—and yet city gardens are crying out for soil. . . .

EVE B. BALFOUR,

*Organising Secretary,
The Soil Association Ltd.*

CORRESPONDENCE

THE EDITOR,

The National and English Review.

DEAR SIR,—I trust that you might allow some friendly, if critical, observations on the editorial comment in your October number concerning "Rome and Lambeth," which appears to your correspondent as "muddle-headed" in some respects as do those people to whom you referred, who "have been doing their best to blur" the line of demarcation between Roman Catholics and other Christians.

The statement "uniformity of belief would kill Christianity" is surely very peculiar, as is the apparent desire to "weaken the case for Reunion": both of which lie strangely alongside the similarly apparent desire for the unity of Christendom to "become ever more and more of a reality as the years go by."

It is only too true that the forthcoming proclamation by the Pope of the new dogma of the bodily Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary will emphasise the line of demarcation between Roman Catholics and other Christians. But it can hardly be denied that this grave step by the Vatican will not contribute to the cause of Christian unity, even if the line of demarcation is already very clear: the new dogma merely drives another nail into the coffin of Christian unity. If "Roman Catholics and Protestants have reason to be grateful" for this, Anglicans and other Catholics cannot really share their joy. It might, of course, be legitimate to hope, in the same sense as Communism causes non-Communists to bestir themselves from the agnostic apathy which too obviously has gripped them, that this Papal dictate will cause non-Roman Christians to re-examine their present condition and place themselves accordingly in the Way of Truth. Cer-

tainly your correspondent hopes that the cause of Anglican unity will not suffer, and that the principles of the Anglican Reformation will become more widely understood in contradistinction to the principles of Trent and the Counter-Reformation on the one side and those of Continental Protestantism on the other. It does not seem to be helpful to the cause of Anglicanism to envisage and desire the strengthening "of Protestant feeling within the Anglican fold."

Anglicans, as Catholics, believe that both the other camps were wrong: that though each have had their saints, and though there is still much to be learned from them, both were one-sided and, therefore, false, and that the lamentable state of Christendom to-day is chiefly due to these two great aberrations from the primitive Faith. In this Anglicans are at one with their brethren in the Old Catholic churches, and with the Eastern Orthodox churches with some of whom their relations have recently become close and cordial.

There was a third way of reformation in Western Christendom, which the Church of England, half-consciously, with much stumbling and inconsistency, pursued in isolation. Here the ancient Church remained, with many of the ancient abuses: but there was no irreformable Council, and no bolstering up of mediæval accretions. The standard of faith was the Bible, as interpreted, not by the individual, but by the ancient undivided Church, and, within those limits, by the Church of England. Hindered by all kinds of obstacles, of which her isolation was not the least, and by the presence in her midst, and even among her rulers, of many who did not accept, or did not even understand, her principles, the Eng-

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lish Church, by the special providence of God, preserved for the modern world the Catholic Faith without mediæval accretions or irreformable decrees; the Mass and the open Bible; the sacramental system with intellectual freedom. The Oxford Movement was the late breaking into flower and fruit of what the English Church had always meant to be, but had been hindered from being by too close connection with the increasingly secular modern State.

It is this that we stand for as Anglicans; the principles, the outlook of Anglicanism, as it was developed by the Caroline Divines, as it reached its full development in the Oxford Movement, as it came to terms with the modern world in the "Lux Mundi" group. We stand for the inheritance of Andrewes and Laud, of Bramhall and Ken, of Keble and Pusey, of Church and Moberly and Scott Holland. The Anglican Communion, and the Anglo-Catholic Movement which is its spearhead, its only consistent manifestation, are perhaps the only hope for the Reunion of Christendom and the reconciliation of the modern world to Christianity. Protestant and Roman propaganda, both inside and outside the Church, are efforts to pervert and ultimately to destroy that movement. One hears of the "Protestant underworld" and of the "Anglo-Catholic underworld" at the other extreme: both are unfortunately surely there. We are Catholics and not Protestants, Catholic and not Tridentine, and we believe that such Catholicism is what the world needs.

If, then, we make our boast of the Anglican name, it is not in any jingoistic spirit, but because we believe that the Anglican Churches, in spite of all their faults and defects, have been given, with others, the task of propagating that which the world needs.

And it is in this spirit that one ventures to use the lines of George Herbert on the British Church:

But dearest Mother, what these miss,
The mean Thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.
Blessed be God, Whose love it was
To double-moat thee with His grace,
And none but thee.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
OLIVER HERBERT.

Junior Carlton Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.
October 10, 1950.

THE EDITOR,
The National and English Review.

SIR.—In the Episodes for October you give a moving account of the services rendered by the Polish Underground not only to the Polish nation, but equally to the common cause of all the Allies. In particular you praise the discovery by the Poles of the existence of the sinister research station at Peenemünde, and then to the acquisition by them of the complete technical details of the flying bomb. Peenemünde in consequence was devastated by the R.A.F. and thus the use of the V.1 projectiles was delayed for many months. But the Poles surpassed even those fine achievements. Mr. Churchill, I think, will support my statement that the first news about the date of Hitler's assault on Russia was brought to him, together with exact details about the disposition of the German armies in the East, by the late General Sikorski, Prime Minister of the Polish Government in exile, and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish forces. Mr. Churchill passed that priceless information on to Stalin. Quite a few Polish men and women sacrificed their lives to obtain it and to bring it to London through the enemies' lines.

Yours faithfully,
V. POLIAKOFF.
39 Sherrards Park, Welwyn Garden City.
September 30, 1950.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

THEMSELVES AND OTHERS

By ERIC GILLETT

THE 20th century has proved itself to be most fruitful in autobiography. When Edward VII came to the throne, the Victorian bonds of propriety were loosened. The First War tore them asunder. Mr. Robert Graves in *Good-bye to All That*. Miss Vera Brittain in *Testament of Youth* did the rest, and since the 'twenties there has been a steady flow of personal reminiscence and revelation in book form. How much of this is due to Sir Edmund Gosse's delicious *Father and Son*, published in 1907, it is hard to say, but I am inclined to think that its influence has been underestimated, and so has that of George Moore's imaginative trilogy, *Ave atque Vale*.

Recently, readers of *The National and English Review* have had an opportunity of two glimpses of extracts, severely truncated owing to reasons of space, from *Noble Essences*¹, the fifth and last volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's remarkable autobiography, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* It is a collection of portraits of some of the author's friends, depicted courteously and with a fine eye to character and incident. Sir Osbert has a fine eye for perspective. He refuses to accept current values. He forms his opinion and supports it by apt illustration. He has proved himself to be acute and witty in his estimates. My only quarrel with him is that he is far too retiring when he writes about himself. There is no other first-class autobiography in the language that tells us so little about the author. With this complaint one can

sit back and enjoy the display of personality and eccentricity he has contrived for us.

The first paragraph explains his attitude. (It had been made clear in the first four books.)

A robust old country-neighbour, one of the last of the squires, was heard during a severe thunderstorm thus to address his faithful and ageing servant: "Alec, you damn fool, don't stand about there, doing nothing! Climb up the lightning-conductor, can't you, and see if it's working!" The man who climbs such an instrument naturally leads a more exciting life than does he who watches the hurricane and writes about it: in short, as I have argued before, a writer's life is duller than that of a man of action. Yet would I rather read an account of the storm by one who had watched it than by one who climbed the lightning-conductor; and further, I would rather read a book which concerned Leonardo, let us say, and Baudelaire or a lesser artist, than the most circumstantial and detailed volume devoted to the Battle of Waterloo, or a prize-fight. . . .

All through the five volumes of his autobiography Sir Osbert preserves his artistic values. He is capable of an extraordinary detachment as he shows in the masterly portrait of his father, who now takes his place among the great English eccentrics. If Sir George is indisputably the central character in this great set-piece, the remainder of the design is built round him in admirable proportion. *Noble Essences* depicts ten of the author's friends, and



SIR OSBERT SITWELL

(Elliott & Fry)

"*Themselves and Others*"

Sir Newman Flower's *Just as it Happened*² does not pretend to any literary graces. The author is one of the most modest of men, but he has as keen an eye for character and incident as Sir Osbert himself. Sir Newman was born over seventy years ago in the charming Dorsetshire village of Fontmell Magna. He lives in the neighbourhood to-day after forty years in control of a great publishing house. Interested not only in literary publishing Sir Newman came into contact with all sorts of people. Lloyd George, Asquith, Curzon, Birkenhead, Jellicoe and Austen Chamberlain were among the men he knew and appreciated. He excels at the amusing, polite reminiscential flow. He has no malice. He is hardly ever at fault when he tells a story or repeats an anecdote, but I am not altogether sure of the accuracy of several of these little tales.

This is a small flaw on the surface of a most interesting and entertaining book. I like best the strange encounter between King George V and a Belisha beacon. The King's car had broken down and he insisted on returning alone to the Palace. On the way he saw a beacon and became so interested by it that he stepped off the pavement to examine it from the road. There was a sudden, swift grinding of brakes . . .

Next morning some officials went to the King's room to discuss affairs. King George was smiling and laughing to himself. No one had the first idea what he was laughing at. Presently one of the officials said with some diffidence: "You seem to be in good humour this morning, Sir. May we not be allowed to share the joke?" King George is said to have replied: "I have been on the throne twenty-five years during which I have heard a lot of remarks about myself, most of them flattering. But last night a taxi-driver called me

the reader is allowed to see them through the author's eyes, and also in relation to their own friends and enemies. W. H. Davies is heard invoking the name of Asquith against some negroes who displeased Davies. It seems that he had an abiding aversion to cats and negroes. I remember, many years ago, when I was cruising with Arnold Bennett, that I was surprised to find presentation copies from the Sitwells in my cabin, inscribed to the novelist. Here Sir Osbert has captured his generosity and his friendliness, and above all his air of being "a comfortable provincial of genius on holiday." Sickert, Wilfred Owen, Ronald Firbank, Sir Edmund Gosse, Rex Whistler, and Violet Gordon Woodhouse are among the principal subjects, but there are innumerable secondary portraits. Lytton Strachey weaves languidly through these pages. A mysterious old Chinese gentleman appears in and remains in Rex Whistler's studio—because the artist has not the heart to turn him out. C. M. Doughty surprisingly asks Gosse, at their second meeting, to procure the O.M. for him. In fact, it is the element of the unexpected that provides one of the most delightful features of this most agreeable and important book.

"Themselves and Others"

a 'bloody bolt-eyed beaver!' And I thoroughly enjoyed it!"

He then went on to explain what had happened.

Mr. Jocelyn Brooke, being young and enterprising, is not content with the customary autobiographical form, neither does he like the idea of presenting personal experiences as fiction. For the two previous instalments of his autobiographical trilogy, *The Military Orchid*, and *A Mine of Serpents*, Mr. Brooke earned praise from such responsible authorities as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy and Lord David Cecil. This is not surprising because Mr. Brooke writes an admirable prose and seems to be a pleasantly unpredictable person. His publisher states that he writes in a part-fictional, part-factual form. His technique is cinematic and he flashes backwards and forwards with a competence that masters time. *The Goose Cathedral*,³ which gives the new book its title, is the startling pseudo-Gothic lifeboat station at Folkestone, and Mr. Brooke evokes the decorous roads and houses of this polite resort as vividly as Miss Elizabeth Bowen has done. It would be impossible to award higher praise.

The characterisation is worthy of the setting. Mr. Brooke seems to be fascinated by the eccentric-disreputable. "Pussy" Wilkinson, an odd relic of the 'nineties, with his elegant sister, and their protégé, Bert, is worthy to stand beside Mr. Harold Nicolson's "Titty." And when the author tires of oddities, he can turn to orchids. He has an expert knowledge of them, too.

There is no doubt that Mr. Brooke



JOCELYN BROOKE

may become a very considerable writer indeed. There are not likely to be many books of such a quality this year, but I confess that I think this blend of fact and fiction a dangerous medium. Probably because I was used as a character in a story written to a similar formula myself. The author, a most distinguished writer, was also most scrupulous. He sent me the proof before the story appeared in book form. This enabled me to alter radically an opinion with which I was credited, but whether "Pussy" Wilkinson "existed on the border-line between truth and phantasy" or not, he will never be able to do that now, and, after all, I daresay that it does not matter much.

¹ NOBLE ESSENCES. Sir Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan*. 21s.

² JUST AS IT HAPPENED. Sir Newman Flower. *Cassell*. 16s.

³ THE GOOSE CATHEDRAL. Jocelyn Brooke. *John Lane (The Bodley Head)*. 9s. 6d.

ERIC GILLETT.

VALIANT FOR TRUTH

By SIR ARCHIBALD McINDOE

RICHARD HILLARY,* Australian by birth, English by education, joined the University Auxiliary Squadron in 1939 as the service in which he could best express his peculiar temperament. He was shot down in action during the Battle of Britain in September, 1941. He was then 21. Like many other pilots, he sustained severe destructive burns of his face and hands, for the repair of which he underwent a long series of painful operations lasting more than a year. These operations were more distressing to one of his sensitive nature because the immediate results are often more horrifying than the original condition until the resolving influence of time has softened their asperities and enabled movement, expression and texture to return. In November, 1942, before he had had time to readjust himself to the physical strain of flying, he returned to the R.A.F. and crashed fatally on the night of January 7, 1943. He was then 23.

This is a story which could have been multiplied many times in the R.A.F. Richard Hillary, however, was not like other men. During his short, tumultuous life he made the most outstanding literary contribution of the war in any service. His book, *The Last Enemy*, will stand not only as a work of art, but because it gave significance and deep meaning to the lives of thousands of young men, less articulate than himself, who in an age of doubt and near despair could still their inner fears and questionings with nothing but blind courage.

* Richard Hillary—*A Life*. By Lovat Dickson. Macmillan & Co., London, 1950. 8s. 6d. net.

Upon Hillary the mental effect of his injuries and disfigurement was severe. The loss of his friends one by one until he was the last of his squadron produced in him a state of intellectual and spiritual chaos. As he lay in hospital he could see no reason for his sacrifice, no sense in his suffering. But this mood slowly changed to an unwilling recognition of the hopeful courage and endurance with which so many others around him faced the same difficulties. They did not come from a select kind of university life like himself; they were from anywhere—even to a girl from a jam factory. What then was wrong with himself? To answer this question he began to observe with an acuteness remarkable in one so young the hopes, fears, ambitions, the ideals and motives which had activated not only himself, but his fellow patients and those friends whom he had known in his youth.

The Last Enemy was written in a white heat of critical self-analysis during July and August of 1942 while he was in America. In that slim volume, in phrases so vivid that, as Linklater says, no word could be taken away and none added, he resolves not only his own doubts and fears in the face of almost certain death, but made himself a spokesman for his generation. The cold appraisement of himself, the complete detachment with which he views his problems, is reminiscent of a clinical study, were it not for the burning words with which he clothes his thoughts. For this he will live.

Mr. Lovat Dickson assisted at the birth of *The Last Enemy*, at first, as he records, unwillingly, later with enthusiasm. His friendship with Hillary

VALIANT FOR TRUTH

became close and it is obvious that his death was a deep personal blow. He felt that before it was too late an authoritative account of Hillary's life should be published to supplement the shorter appreciations of Eric Linklater and Arthur Koestler. He has succeeded admirably. He presents Richard Hillary as he really was and not as many people would picture him—a surprising feat, for Richard was in the habit of keeping his friendships in separate compartments. He did not mix them, chiefly, I suspect, because his habit of making wicked little thumb-nail sketches of those around him might have made trouble for himself. Mr. Dickson has, however, sifted and collated all his evidence and has produced an exceedingly satisfying portrait of a remarkable personality.

At my earliest meeting with him it was apparent that he was going to be a difficult patient, one so far intellectually above the others that he would be unpopular. He did not deny his fellowship with his brother pilots so long as he could be segregated with a few chosen companions and the rest kept out of his way. He was at that time still one of the élite. Later he learned to mix on more even terms, but never, I think, happily. His rapier-like verbal thrusts, his constant probings and inquisitive cross-examinations, were too much for his fellow-patients. They respected him, but could not cope with his devastating habit of laying bare what they most wanted to conceal—their innermost thoughts and feelings. For them it was an embarrassment, for Richard an experience out of which he gathered a rich harvest. From their halting, slightly furtive admissions or blunt denials he stored away a wealth of detail about themselves, their hopes, ambitions and ideals. To his surprise they were very like his own. His photographic mind recorded it all.

As he began to move more freely about the little country town of East Grinstead, he widened his social studies to include the heterogeneous group always to be found in English county society. He explored their motives with merciless precision, dissected them like frogs pinned on a cork mat in a biological classroom. With sardonic humour he presented his conclusions to me when we met, as we did with increasing frequency at my cottage when the day's work was done. As time passed I noticed that his impressions grew more tolerant, more kindly and were touched with a deeper understanding of human frailty. The real Richard Hillary was beginning to take shape. He was also in love.

When he went to America he was a very different person. Whatever might be said of the official handling of that affair (and I always regarded it as deplorable), it at least brought him in anger and frustration to the point of writing his book. When he returned he gave me his earnings in dollars from his broadcasts, that others might be helped along the painful road to recovery. He also gave me a copy of his book, of which he was patently proud. The artist in him was satisfied, but he wanted my opinion of it. Later that evening I walked across the deserted hospital square to my car, sat in the driving seat and skimmed through the pages. I became finally absorbed in the chapter called "The Beauty Shop." As I finished it a shadow fell across the page. Looking up sharply, I found Richard beside me with that mocking smile on his lips, his eyes alight with triumph. "So," he said, "you're vain like all the rest!"

From then onwards the tempo of his life quickened. Fame and literary recognition were his in generous measure. He could have devoted himself to the cultivation of his tremendous

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literary gifts. Instead he chose to go back and fight again. Physically he appeared well able to do so. His operations had gone well and promised even better. His hands, though partially crippled, were soundly healed and surprisingly strong. Others were doing the same thing and he felt that he should not take the easy road. He would not listen to my suggestion that he should wait a little longer. Mr. Dickson describes with one exception the impelling reasons for his final decision. I have always been certain that he knew what the end would be. Three weeks before his time was up he came to see me and said that unless he could be shifted from night flying he could not last much longer. But he stipulated that the course on which he was flying should not be interrupted lest someone should say he was afraid to continue. The idea was that he should return to East Grinstead for another operation. Disturbed by his news and deeply impressed by the impassive way in which he gave it, I wrote immediately to his station medical officer. Richard was suffering from that all too common complaint where his body would not tolerate what his mind could contemplate. His nervous system had not yet brought his physical responses under control. The station medical officer was away on leave, and my unofficial letter marked "private" lay on his desk unopened for two weeks. On the night he returned and before he could take action, Richard Hillary met his Enemy face to face. The wheel had come full circle and no one could stop its remorseless swing.

I often think of him in that last moment—his crippled hands fighting for control of his spinning 'plane—the cold sweat pouring from his body, the screaming crescendo of the engines, his patchwork face frozen in that mocking

twisted smile, his eyes at last gleaming with the supreme knowledge he had so painfully sought and had so short a time to comprehend.

Man with his burning Soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail—
Sail on the sea of death
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but truth. . . .

ARCHIBALD MCINDOE.

THE RELIGIOUS FRAME OF MIND

A YEAR OF GRACE. Victor Gollancz.
10s. 6d.

ANTHOLOGIES are inclined to cut both ways. Their great advantage is that a poem or short prose passage in dramatic isolation is often more striking than when seen against the protective colours of its natural background. Reading, say, *The Excursion*, or *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, even the most alert of us tend to become lulled into a state of complacent non-attention. But abstract a couplet or a precept, place it by itself against the white page, and it is transformed at once. It bursts with beauty and significance. So much so that we may at once drop the anthology—it is performing its highest function if we do)—and spend the rest of the day buried in Wordsworth or *The Meditations*, only gradually experiencing a mild sense of disillusion as we find that it is much harder to see how good each separate bit is when all is jointed together!

Both Wordsworth and Marcus Aurelius are at their best in *A Year of Grace*, an anthology chosen, as its compiler well says, "to express a mood about God and man." The extracts are varied, and it is intriguing to find quotations from Hasidic sources interspersed between Latin philosophers, Catholic theologians, and English poets. Hasidism—the word means "devout"—was a great spiritual Jewish movement originating in eastern Europe in the 18th

From the Customer's View-Point

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century, and combining—so far as one can see—orthodox Jewish teaching with something of the early Christian spirit. It lends a peculiar individuality to an anthology in which the gnomic and the lyrical are blended to the advantage of both. For instance Wordsworth's measured words,

. . Which speak of nothing more than what
we are

(and that is a line whose beauty never occurred to me until I read it here), take on a curious significance when placed side by side with the equally measured but much more authoritative dogmas of Rabbinical tradition. Nonconformist and pioneer as he was, he had the sublime self-confidence which is essential to a great poet and he would have endorsed with vigour this Hasidic saying :

Shall men, then, always walk in meekness ? Not so, say the Masters. There are moments when haughtiness becomes a duty. When the evil inclination approaches, whispering in the ear : " You are unworthy to fulfil the law," say : " I am worthy."

But—and this is what makes the composition of any anthology a rather elliptical business—we receive no impression of continuity, despite the author's wish that the book be read as a continuous whole. Stimulation may be intense but it is superficial. No voice is allowed to speak for long enough for us to perceive the real drift of its contention, to pursue its development and to disentangle its strength and its weaknesses for ourselves. Journalistic effect, rather than logical persuasion, is thus the impulse and method of the book. We have, for example, this single sentence from Berdyaev :

In a certain sense, every single human soul has more meaning than the whole of history with its empires, its wars and revolutions, its blossoming and fading civilisations.

It is perhaps what the newspaper men would call " a challenging statement," but, unless we know what comes before and after, it cannot be much else. What is that " certain sense " ? Probably Berdyaev went on to explain, but in an anthology there is no space for him to do so. And

the book is not free from an attempt to extract spiritual meaning from mere press-cuttings whose graphic and emotional appeal could never be anything but ambiguous. It is a pity that extracts like those from the *Left News* and the *Leicester Evening Mail* were included—newspaper features haphazardly conjoined and left to tell their banal stories alongside extracts from Pelagius, Péguy and William James. The only result of such catholicity is to emphasise the chief defect of all anthologies—their deplorable relaxing effect upon the mental and critical powers of the reader. But there are not many such lapses, and in any case we are readily cheered up by turning the page and finding some verses by Angelus Silesius or Walter de la Mare.

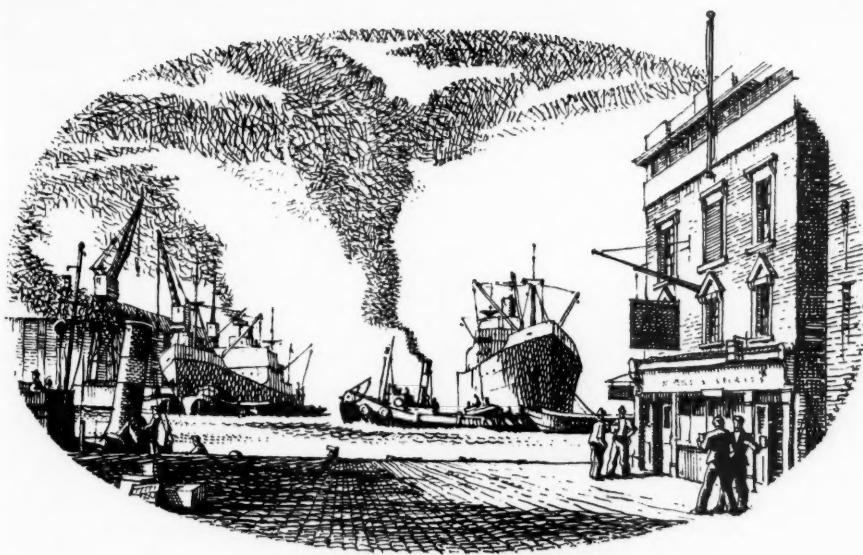
JOHN BAYLEY.

THE PASSING OF THE RAJ

WHILE MEMORY SERVES. Lieut.-General Sir Francis Tuker, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E. *Cassell & Co. Ltd.*
25s. net.

OF all the momentous happenings of our time few are shrouded in a deeper, more perplexing obscurity than is the end of British rule in India. In Socialist Party hagiology there is an authorised version, very tidy and bowdlerised, in which the beautiful but dusky maid, Hind, is rescued from a Tory and Blimpish dragon by the sainted Clement, given a fine white garment of liberty and enrolled at once in the lists of Nations-of-which-Fabians-can-approve. There is no hint in this little legend of massacre and treachery, of duplicity, dishonour and rank betrayal of those who trusted Britain.

One day perhaps—in Gibbonian cadences—the true and dire story will be told. The historian who addresses himself to this task may be led thereto, and will immensely be assisted in it, by reading General Tuker's plain, soldierly, eye-witness narrative of two years of confusion, retreat and deepening chaos. This—other than a very few, isolated, brief newspaper dispatches at the time—is the first trustworthy account that



"Next to mine own shippe I do most love that old Shippe in Exon, a tavern . . . A mariner fresh come from Plimouth told me that the Power of Spain is already afloat." Thus wrote Drake (according to local tradition) when the Armada was fitting out. In every port there are taverns which have heard tidings brought from distant seas and plans for great ventures—taverns which have been preserved by the brewer working in a unique form of partnership with mine host.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

has been rendered of the end of Britain's stewardship in the sub-continent. It is not unbiased, and thank God for that. The bias is that of a senior British officer in the old Indian Army, who spent 34 years of his life in the unwavering service of the people of India. It is the bias of a man who, day by day, month after month, has seen his work and the work of all his predecessors go down in ruin; a soldier who has seen the kennels of the cities run with blood, because the politicians had a theory; a man who had to witness the greatest imperial achievement of modern history being destroyed in a welter of communal hatred.

Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Tuker—(the inexplicable nicknaming system of the old Indian Army made him known to his comrades and junior officers as "Gertie" Tuker: but let it pass)—was the last British officer to be G.O.C.-in-C. of India's Eastern Command, during 1946 and 1947. In World War II he commanded the unforgettable, unforgotten Fourth Indian Division in certain battles which were of

some importance to the cause of freedom. He is a man of wide and deep reading, an artist of the highest intelligence and integrity. The intelligentsia never could believe that such a man could be a senior Regular officer in the Indian Army. The pity of it is that they, with their shallow little prejudices, their conceit and their arrogance, have had their way with India; and the Tukers have been defeated.

Eastern Command was vast; it sprawled from the borders of Burma to the gates of Delhi; and Calcutta—that fantastic, suppurating wen of a city built out of marsh by English endurance and Scottish ingenuity—was its centre and flashpoint. Assuming his command in a time of deepening unrest and political bewilderment and frustration, General Tuker remained to the end. He believes, as do most others with any cognisance of the enormous problem it presented, that the British withdrawal from India was inevitable; what smirches it indelibly is the way in which it was done—the panic haste, the careless overthrow of a century's work, the callous handing over of those who had been our brave and loyal friends to the ruthless revenge of their enemies.

General Tuker tells, with frigid reticence, of the unbelievable folly of the "trials" of the officers of the I.N.A.—those men who, having betrayed their salt and gone over to the Japanese during the war, having perpetrated vile atrocities on their fellow-Indians, were—for political reasons—feted as "patriots" by Congress politicians. It is an unsavoury episode, of which little was known in Britain at the time, but which contributed greatly to the ignominy of the end of the Raj. General Tuker describes the appalling nightmare of the communal riots in Calcutta in 1946; progressive politicians have gone to a deal of trouble to suppress and forget this particular horror.

Yet, dreadful as it was, this was only the overture. The full, ghastly drama was played out in the Punjab, during the weeks immediately after the British abdication. Illingworth of the *Daily Mail* drew, at that time, a cartoon which

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"The Passing of the Raj"

General Tuker reproduces: the empty room of the departed *burra sahib*, the abandoned desk, the *topi* hanging on its peg, the terrified woman shrieking for help, and fast behind her the murderer with his bloody sword upraised; underneath there is the legend, "Sahib! Sahib!" One's Socialist acquaintances thought that picture very untimely; but it embodied and symbolised what happened in those fearful days: the helpless women and children and old men butchered on the verandahs of the bungalows in Lodhi Road, the massacres on the railway stations and the refugee trains, the long dusty columns of the fugitives up the Grand Trunk Road.

In the words of men who were there, General Tuker sets it all down. It ought to be compulsory reading for every M.P., for every politician or journalist who ever babbled complacently about the "gift" of freedom to India. Page after page is sickening in its detail. How eager the smug sycophants are to forget; how querulously they will deplore this book's publication.

There are immeasurably redeeming aspects to the whole grim story. They lie in the work, the bearing, the uncomplaining courage and endurance of British and Indian officers, of N.C.O.'s, of British other ranks (many of them untried conscripts), and of simple sepoys whose world was being destroyed about their heads. The British Army and the Indian Army, together in their last task on the soil of India, maintained and enhanced a comradeship tested and sanctified at Keren, in the Western Desert and on the Kohima-Imphal Road. At the end they were faced with tasks beyond their capacity; the politicians snarled and sneered at them. Yet they strove—to the end—to preserve law and order, when all else broke; they strove to save life, to keep the threatened fabric of society from complete dissolution. That at least is inspiring.

General Tuker's is not a perfect book. It is too long; there is perhaps almost too much detail; the diary method which he uses is—though at its best superbly

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vivid—apt to become prosy. But in spite of its minor imperfections, it is a book of the first importance to our generation. The nearest analogy that I can recall is in Russell's dispatches from the Crimea; but to-day we lack a Palmerston and a Florence Nightingale, and the events which General Tuker describes occurred, after all, during the years which the dentures have eaten.

JOHN CONNELL.

THE MUSIC OF WORDS

SELECTED POEMS OF SWINBURNE. Edited by Edward Shanks. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

IN these days Mr. Shanks seems to write little poetry, but in this volume he makes amends to us by showing that he is one of our acutest, best-balanced and most sensitive literary critics. His introduction to the Selected Poems will rejoice all Old Swinburnians.

The poet said, in a preface to an edition of his works, that his talent had always had more kinship with music than with any other art; and Mr. Shanks well observes, "If we speak of music in this connection we must make it clear that we do so only for an analogy in order to suggest how with words this poet seeks to make a generalised appeal to the emotions, to evoke moods in a generalised form, as music does." We must not expect visual precision (such as we find in Tennyson and Rossetti) or the adroitly placed word. The Introduction may show young readers that Swinburne was not all sound and fury. He was a rhapsodist and we should listen to his poems as we listen to a symphony by Dvorák. Little wonder if his miraculous lyricism was cold-shouldered by the over-cerebral versifiers of the 'thirties, for a musical effect cannot have interested them at all.

Mr. Shanks, like an expert surgeon, diagnoses that the poet's tendency to hysteria was due to the frustration of a man who was almost impotent. He also suggests that Swinburne's early obsession with sex arose from his imagination picturing much of which his frail organism

was incapable. He does not lay stress upon the poet's masochism, although this peculiarity accounts for the genuflexions before a photograph of Mazzini. In 1908 a Belgian painter, who for some years had been teaching in the Glasgow Academy, admired Swinburne so much that one day he called at The Pines, Putney. Watts-Dunton and the staff must have been out, for after several bell-pullings, Swinburne came to the door. He was clothed in an open shirt and a pair of trousers, but his chest was bedabbled with blood, and he was still clasping a ferocious cat. Masochism may prove to be the key to his temperament.

The editor, who writes with a grace rare in our time, has made so perceptive a choice that I am surprised that he could not find one roundel among the *Century*. *A Roundel on the Roundel* is an exquisite cameo. On the other hand, it is delightful to come upon that dreamy, delicious late poem, *A Nympholept*, and also *A Vision of Spring in Winter*. An old lady, sister of Swinburne's doctor, told me that the first three stanzas were composed by the poet while he was asleep.

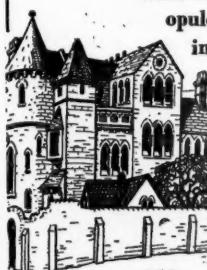
Swinburne had no architectural sense. He always went on too long in the same strain: but so does much music, ancient or modern. Moreover, a sense of form is rare in British poets, dramatists or novelists.

We are likely to hear much, perhaps too much, of Swinburne's case-history, but let us recall him as a man, however odd, who mastered the anapæst as not even Coleridge or Shelley had managed it, and as one who introduced a magical new music into English verse. An Old Swinburnian who, at the age of fourteen, could almost see the sparks flying up from the pages of *Poems and Ballads*, enthusiastically acclaims Mr. Shanks's selection. It could not have been more wisely compiled, and the Introduction could not have been better fitted to reinstate a remarkable poet.

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Novels

ness but may confuse the reader. Yet it says much for a book that it is only after it has been read that the analytical reader discerns its weakness.

Naomi Royde Smith's narrative is straightforward. We attend the birth of Rosy Trodd, on the day of Queen Victoria's Coronation. We see her last on the Diamond Jubilee, though the years after 1860 or so are cursorily accounted for. She is in effect an orphan from birth. Before she is apprenticed to Boghurst senior, the draper in the sea-side Wessex town of King's Haven, she has formed a devotion for Sophia Popham, lady's maid, elegantly malapropish, with a flair for the fashions. This devotion and its consequent antagonism to loose-living Boghurst junior, continue, and reach their dramatic climax, after Sophia and Lewin are man and wife. The Victorian background is convincing, though we cannot measure it against experience. The book's humour, and even its scenes of dramatic violence, contrive to suit the backcloth. The characters are shrewdly observed and firmly drawn. Yet they are somewhat objective. The reader accepts rather than shares their feelings. When Rosy finally turns the tables (a considerable understatement) upon Lewin, she discloses depths and capabilities which come as a surprise. Nor does the final picture of her, a benevolent old lady enriched by her inheritance from Lewin's father, seem an inevitable development from what the earlier chapters have shown us. But with *Rosy Trodd* as with *Strait and Narrow* the reader has to think to discover reasons why he ought somewhat to modify the enthusiasm which its reading has engendered.

Top of the World deserves Christopher Morley's verdict: "a terrifying book." It is the story of an Eskimo family from the farthest north: Ernenek, the mighty hunter, primitive of thought-processes; Asiak, his wife, much more perceptive; and—as the story develops and father and mother die—their son and daughter whom the clash with "civilisation" (the quotation marks are irresistible) in the end drives back to their frozen freedom. Here is a fascinating picture of the life of a

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people to whom conditions are easy and natural in which white men are plain fools. That is not all. How can Ernenek understand that it is a crime to kill an uninvited guest whose conduct, in Eskimo eyes, deserves death? How can a narrow-minded missionary realise that Ivaloo's impersonation of a Virgin-Mother is ignorance, not sacrilege? Hans Ruesch combines an anthropologist's knowledge of the Eskimos with a sympathetic ability so to present their point of view, in terms of fiction, that the reader shares his sympathy. Fiction and fact alike, the book provokes doubts whether European penetration into strange places, whatever its motives, can always claim to be a civilising process.

We are in rather shallower water with *The Sons of Brutus*. In what is left of a Bavarian town, American-occupied, the survivors and potential revivers of Nazism live by crime, but present themselves to their new rulers as sound democrats. We realise the horror of uprooted life, the

difficulties which beset even the innocent of heart who try to rebuild the decencies. We get a glimpse of the effect of an "occupier's" character upon his judgment. We are shown all this in terms of a handful of characters, American and German, through a short graphic story, full of action. And somehow, for all the chaos, the sordidness, the deceit, the murder—despite, even, its final page—the book leaves a taste that is not wholly bitter, a message that is not one of despair.

In *Mary O'Grady*, the heroine and her tram-driver husband live in Dublin with their family of five children. Tom dies, and one by one the children come to grief, if you count Larry, who becomes a missionary instead of a priest, and Rosie, who quarrels with her husband but for some reason is reconciled to him by Mary's death. A well-written book, with moving and indeed powerful passages; but I felt that there must be some purpose or pattern that escaped me. Why the series of tragedies? To show that life can be mighty unpleasant whatever your deserts? Or is there some significance in Mary's longing (much emphasised at the start) for her country home? Or is the author's aim just to provide a gloomy story that ends on a brighter note?

Lastly, *Nothing Gross*: this book consistently belies its title but certainly seeks to have nothing gloomy. It tells how the son of an impoverished country family comes back from India to be demobbed into a Britain which is strange—not only, I hope, to him. The tale has many mirthful passages, but I suspect that its author could not decide what he was writing—comedy, satire or extravaganza. It amuses most when it is least extravagant, and is most extravagant when it plunges into madder-than-life politics and blacker-than-life markets. I have little doubt that Derek Barton has it in him to improve considerably on this not unpromising start as a novelist.

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JOHN MURRAY

WHAT PRICE PROFITS?

By J. R. APPLEBEY

AT the Labour Party Conference at Margate the matter foremost in delegates' minds was unquestionably the rise in the cost of living. For this there is every justification. The ordinary citizen is now beginning to feel the effects of last year's devaluation, which, though Mr. Attlee claimed it to be a triumph of statesmanship, was after all no more than a recognition that the standard of living in this country would have to be reduced. Moreover, prices are being driven up partly by the rise in commodity prices stemming from America, partly by the cumulative effects of a long period of excessive taxation in this country. Now, with re-armament gathering way all over the world, there is reason to fear that the upward pressure will continue. At a Labour Conference it is hardly to be expected that such inexorable truth will be looked in the face—though one delegate did remind the conference that the rise in prices was to a large extent beyond the control of the Government. What did happen was that nearly all speakers, not excluding members of the Executive, went off in full cry after profits, under the old delusion that these could be made to yield a substantial dividend in a reduction of prices. A motion calling for "energetic action to control and reduce profits" was accepted by the Executive amidst acclamation.

The attack on profits is familiar ground. It gives a glow of decision. No one, however, seems to have considered precisely what was to be done. "This frame of mind," wrote Stevenson, "is not uncommon; the distressed general, the baited divine, the hesitating author, decide severally to do what Napoleon, what St. Paul, what Shakespeare would have done; and there only remains the minor question, What is that?"

Indeed, one has only to look at the facts about profits to see that, in this case, anything that the Chancellor might do if

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he were ordered to reduce prices by controlling and reducing profits would certainly not be simple and could scarcely fail to be harmful. In the first place, when Socialists speak of profits—unhampered by the knowledge that a Commission is at present trying to define this difficult concept—they usually mean distributed profits. It was clear for example that this was what "profits" meant to Mr. Griffiths. It would, of course, be possible to control and reduce these. Sir Stafford Cripps has threatened statutory dividend limitation and Mr. Griffiths, though apparently under the misapprehension that there had been a great rise in distributed profits, repeated the threat. Already, as a matter of fact, the profits tax is beginning to put a limit on distribution by changing the balance in industry between equity and fixed interest capital. But if this further blow were struck, it would undoubtedly have very serious repercussions on savings—already a problem; it would tend to involve all industry in the kind of financial difficulties from which the nationalised industries, with their fixed interest capital, already suffer; and it would make the pattern of savings even more rigid than at present.

But—and this is really more important—it would have virtually no effect on prices at all. Dividends average from one to two per cent. of turnover and even if they were abolished the difference would scarcely be felt. Sir Stafford Cripps himself gave the game away when he said at Margate two years ago that if distributed profits were cut by a quarter—and that, he said, would be a serious cut—wages and salaries could only be increased by 4d. in the pound. Since then dividends have actually fallen—though at the moment they seem to be rising to about 3 per cent. *in toto* above last year—while wages have steadily risen.

But sometimes Socialists mean total trading profits when they speak of profits; and this is, of course, a very much larger sum. By and large, as far as the available evidence goes, gross trading profits are probably ten times distributed profits: (but even then they average only 10 to 15 per cent. of turnover). What about

reducing these? The Chancellor would have to ask himself what they are used for. Some 10 per cent. we have already located as going to shareholders: shareholders, too, he would have to bear in mind, feel the rise in the cost of living. Something between 40 and 50 per cent. he already takes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. And the rest is re-invested in industry either as replacement of the capital that is expended in production (depreciation), or in the increased cost of raw materials, or for the development or modernisation of existing equipment. With the doubling of the initial depreciation allowance against income tax, industry is allocating much larger sums than last year to depreciation; but since prices for capital goods are rising along with the prices of everything else, this is almost certainly still too little. If industry did not provide more than the statutory amount out of its profits, the prospect for full employment in the future would be dim indeed. As it is, the rise in prices that is now taking place has already been delayed because industry had profits in the past in which, according to the Chancellor's request, it absorbed the initial shock of the devaluation price rise.

Which of these uses for profits is the Chancellor to see diminished. Taxation? Then he will certainly have to find an equivalent sum from some other source. Depreciation and re-equipment? Only at the expense of future employment and consequently in defiance of his own Socialist principles. What most of the speakers at Margate were thinking, however, and what they no doubt expect, is, on the contrary, an increase in the taxation of profits. And this is surely the last delusion of misplaced ingenuity, if a reduction in prices is expected from it. Other things being equal, the result of an increase in the taxation of profits will merely be to re-apportion gross profits between industry itself, shareholders and the Exchequer, to the advantage of the Exchequer. But gross profits will have to remain exactly as great as they are now, with exactly the same influence on prices as they now have. (This, it is true, is small enough: but for the sake of argu-

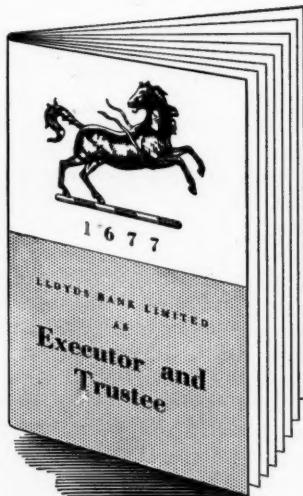
WHAT PRICE PROFITS ?

ment we may grant that it is otherwise.) What, however, is much more likely, and more in accordance with all past experience, is that an increase in the rate of taxation will induce industry as far as possible to increase its gross profits, in order to maintain its net profits; even the nationalised industries, in spite of the fact that they are not supposed to be "profit-making" undertakings would be forced either to take this course or to see their capital run down. And the more you believe that profits influence prices, the more you must believe that this process would increase prices. Taxation may not be, technically, one of the costs of production: but industry has no other source to draw on, in the last resort, but the revenue it receives from the prices of its products. The revenue that matters is net revenue.

This is not to say that profits are, or can be regarded, by any Government, of whatever complexion, as sacrosanct. When there is a danger of an inflation in

the capital goods market there is a case for taxing profit as one means to reduce the demand for capital goods—just as, when there is a danger of an inflation in the consumer goods market, there is a case for taxing individuals. Moreover, in the immediate future the re-armament programme is obviously going to increase the burden on the whole economy; and industry will no doubt be expected to bear its share financially. What we can infer, however, is that no political manœuvre in a financial guise can reduce prices significantly by an attack on profits; if it could make any reduction it would only be at the expense of future stability. We can moreover infer that, if and when company taxation has to be increased to meet the cost of rearmament, this will itself inject into the economy a new tendency towards higher prices. This is one of the ways by which military demand will be satisfied at the expense of civilians.

J. R. APPLEBEY.



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RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

MOZART'S greatest chamber music work, the String Quintet in G minor, K.516, returns to our catalogues, after a very long absence, in a fine interpretation by the Griller String Quartet, with Max Gilbert playing the extra viola part (Decca AX 343-6). The key of G minor seems to have meant for Mozart sadness and distress if we accept the evidence of the two symphonies, the piano quartet, and the arias of Costanza and of Pamina, which are all in that key. But nowhere does Mozart write such poignant music as in the first four movements of this quintet. The mind is long haunted by the distressful chromatic tune with which the first movement starts, and even more by the constantly repeated second tune, held to the same key. The minuet is tense to a degree and the moving beauty of the first slow movement, in the major, is broken by the sorrow of what follows. The second slow movement, a cry of pain over the relentless tread of the bass, is the greatest page of all: but the last movement, gay and carefree, is from another world. Mozart could not make an affirmation here, as Beethoven would have done, and so he simply responds to an artistic necessity. The recording is excellent except in the minuet, where the big chords for the five strings come out coarsely.

Walton's Sonata for violin and piano, played by the artists who gave it its first performance in February of this year, is another notable issue (H.M.V. DB 9513-5, special list). There are only two movements, the second being a theme with seven variations and *coda*, and the music, rhapsodic and improvisatory in character (but technically very carefully wrought), is most accessible and tuneful. The playing

and ensemble are first-rate, and I enjoyed every moment of this beautiful work.

We tend to forget, perhaps, that other countries have orchestras attached to their radio organisations, and this month brings us a number of excellent recordings by the Danish State Broadcasting Orchestra. Mogens Wöldike conducts a very acceptable performance of Haydn's ninety-first symphony in E flat (H.M.V. Z 7016-1, special list), and Fritz Busch's conducting of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony in C major, K.425, is even better recorded, though not better played (H.M.V. DB 20115-7). But the most interesting issue is Nielsen's Fifth Symphony, conducted by Erik Tuxen, the permanent conductor of the orchestra, which made a great impression at the Edinburgh Festival this year. Most of us know little of Nielsen's music and the only clue I have space to give is that if you like Sibelius you will like this work, highly individual though it is (H.M.V. Z 7022-6).

In more popular vein, there is a superb recording of Walford Davies's *Solemn Melody* and Handel's *Largo* by Geraint Jones (organ) and the Philharmonia String Orchestra under Weldon (Columbia DX 1681); and one, equally good, of Tchaikovsky's Capriccio Italien, Op. 45 (Columbia LX 8736-7). These make up for vitamin deficiency.

Gieseking's recording of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto in C major, Op. 15, with the Philharmonia Orchestra and an unnamed conductor (Columbia LX 1312-5) is not to hand yet, but should be noteworthy.

Among a number of operatic records I thoroughly recommend the two quintets from Act 1 of Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*, beautifully sung by the Glyndebourne cast

RECORD REVIEW

(H.M.V. DB 21117), and the enchanting Cherry Duet from Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*, sung with great charm by Joan Hammond and Rudolf Schoek (H.M.V. DB 21096).

Some reservations must be made, unfortunately, about the recording of the Love Duet from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, by Flagstad, Svanholm, and Shacklock, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Böhm, on H.M.V. DB 21112-4. The music only fully comes alive on the last two sides: elsewhere the orchestra is strangely sluggish and the woodwind consistently too faint. Flagstad has some beautiful moments and Shacklock is adequate, but Svanholm produces the usual constricted *heldentenor* tone.

Do not miss a re-recording of Britten's versions of three folk-songs, *The Sally Gardens*, *Little Sir William*, and *Oliver Cromwell*, sung by Peter Pears and accompanied by Britten. These are wholly delightful and one can hear every word (Decca M 555). Mr. Josh White sings *Like a Natural Man* and *The Foggy, Foggy Dew* on London L 800. Remembering Britten's wonderful setting, some readers may be curious to know what Josh White, a jazz man, does with it.

There is another good record from Les Compagnons de la Chanson, *Whirlwind* and *Ave Maria*, a new setting (Columbia DB 2744).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

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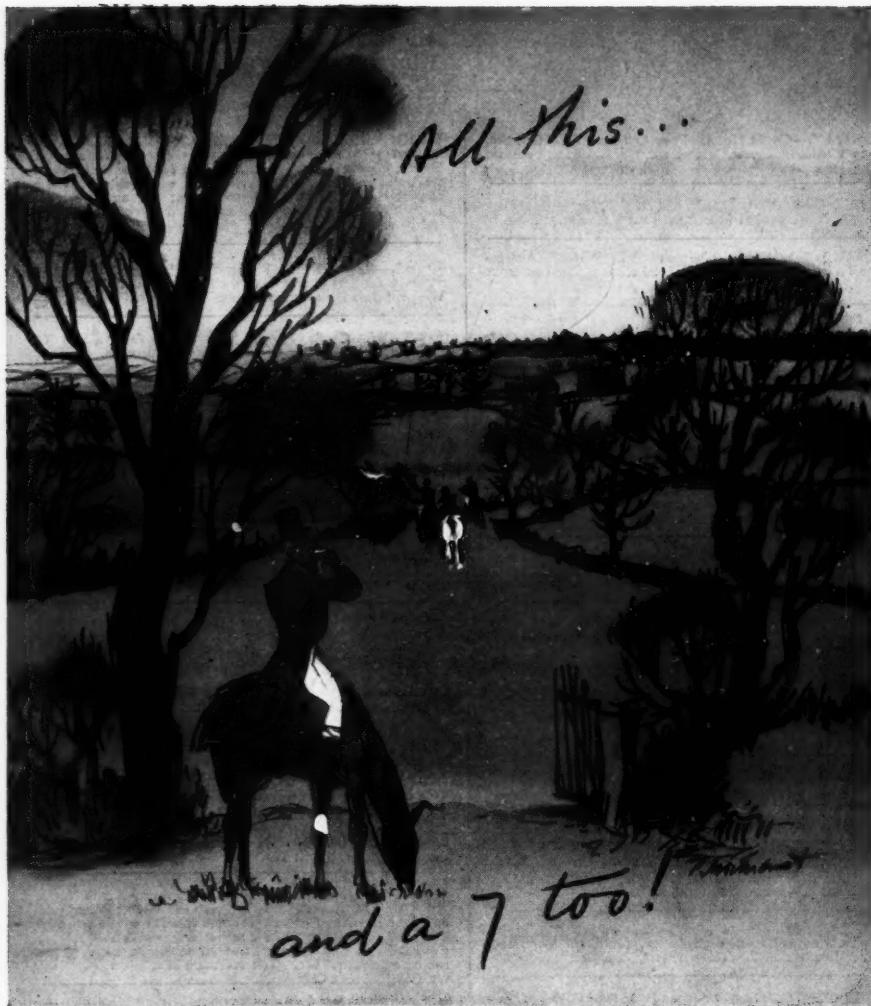
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